Next Month

and later

SAINTS AND SUFFERERS

Anonymous

Suffering is supposed to make martyrs, but this author, all of whose life has been spent in a wheel chair, reminds us that it also makes fanatics. She deplores the tendency of well-meaning sentimentalists to cast an aura of sanctity about their afflicted but courageous friends. This mistaken attitude, she claims, leads to more maladjustments and unhappiness than the reasonable practice of leaving a handicapped individual to work out his own philosophy of life.

SUICIDE DOCTOR

Weldon Melick

There is a suicide every half-hour in the United States, a total of about twenty thousand a year. The National Save-a-Life League (Dr. Harry M. Warren, President and founder) claims to have prevented thirty thousand in thirty-two years, believes it could reduce the annual total substantially if its trained workers were enabled to reach more prospective suicides in time. For it is not hard to persuade these self-nominated candidates for oblivion to change their minds.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Robert Monaghan

There is a new giant among fraud games — the liability-claim racket. If you are a small business or professional man, prosperous enough to stand a shakedown but without the resources to finance a long siege in the courts, you are a likely victim of one of the many varieties of this contemptible practice. Insurance companies, of course, take the greatest direct loss from liability swindlers, but don't think this fact is one you may accept with complacence. Every man who carries insurance is paying just the same for the daily bread of this fine lot of parasites.

HUMAN-RELATIONS LABORATORY

Charles R. Walker

Thinkers in all ages have been haunted by the idea that, if man possessed a bona fide science of human behavior, he could control his own destiny. Ten years ago, at Yale University, the Institute of Human Relations was founded, to discover if possible whether there *is* such a science. Mr. Walker reports on the progress of this unique but not Utopian enterprise.

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

MR. VIERECK PROTESTS

To the Editor:

Mr. Struthers Burt, in "Why Hate the Jews?" (FORUM, June issue) has the hardihood to list my name among "leaders" of patriotic groups, characterized by him as anti-Semitic; these leaders, he adds, (presumably including me) have had "ill-starred careers."

How does Mr. Struthers Burt reach his conclusion? When and where have I ever "led" an anti-Semitic group; when and where have I ever advocated anti-Semitism?

I told 20,000 Nazis in Madison Square Garden (May 17, 1934) that I am the chronicler of the Wandering Jew (see *My First Two Thousand Years,* etc.) and that I am not, nor ever will be, an anti-Semite. I did not, then, and do not, now, conceal my admiration for the epoch-making genius of Adolf Hitler and the solid social accomplishments of the New Germany. Nevertheless I do not embrace the ideology of National Socialism. I have said so in numerous articles (in *Liberty,* in *Nation's Business,* etc.) and in my little booklet *The Temptation of Jonathan.* As an American I reject the Totalitarian philosophy for my country, the United States. I do not have the impertinence to tell the German or the Italian people how to govern themselves. I have definitely expressed myself on the Jewish question in *Today's Challenge* (June–July issue), published by the American Fellowship Forum, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City, copy of which I am mailing you under separate cover for the attention of Mr. Burt.

My solution of the Jewish problem, suggested in that article, may please neither Rabbi Wise nor Julius Streicher; I am inspired only by the desire to help, not to inflame. It is certainly not anti-Semitic; neither is it anti-German.

What in Mr. Burt's opinion, makes my career so "ill-starred"? Is it because I fought for fair play and neutrality from 1914 to 1917, and fought in vain? If so, I shared that great misadventure, of which I am justly proud, with Senator W. J. Stone, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, with William Jennings Bryan and Robert Marion La-Follette. They, too, were denounced as "pro-German"; LaFollette was burned in effigy. Those who today espouse fair play — even for those with whom we disagree — are denounced as "pro-Ger-

(*Continued on page* XII)

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THE BOOK FORUM

SOCIETY IN TRANSITION — Harry Elmer Barnes (Prentice-Hall, $0.00).
THE CORPORATE STATE IN ACTION — Carl T. Schmidt (Oxford, $2.25).
THESE ARE OUR LIVES — Federal Writers' Project of North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia (North Carolina, $2.00).
TINTYPES IN GOLD — Joseph Henry Jackson (Macmillan, $2.50).
A DOCTOR FOR THE PEOPLE — Michael A. Shadid (Vanguard, $2.50).
I WENT TO THE SOVIET ARCTIC — Ruth Gruber (Simon & Schuster, $3.00).
WE DIDN'T ASK UTOPIA — Harry & Rebecca Timbres (Prentice-Hall, $2.50).
ARMIES OF SPIES — Joseph Gollomb (Macmillan, $2.50).

At this breathless moment in history, much of mankind is alert to feelings of enormous portent or foreboding, of imminent subversion, of ineffable omen. The social scientist particularly looks toward what is in store for us as individuals, as members of families and economic strata, as citizens in a democracy. And, like the medical scientist, he may prescribe a cure for our troubles or he may simply act as diagnostician. Of the latter sort is Harry Elmer Barnes who, in *Society in Transition*, gives an able and commodious catalogue of all the present ills of the body politic.

We are at one of history's four greatest turning points — perhaps at the greatest of the four, Dr. Barnes maintains. The increasingly hectic interplay of social forces fascinates him, but he writes with calm and clarity of the many tensions in each department of life and of the questions that must soon be answered. What are our future chances for survival, with coal gone in seventy-five years, with oil gone in fifty, with forests and soil near exhaustion? What about our twelve million Negroes in relation to political and economic change? Why the gap between scientific knowledge and application of knowledge for the betterment of society? Why do we produce so easily and distribute so badly? What of the increase in crime? Why are half the hospital beds in the country occupied by mental patients?

These questions and many more which touch close to home Dr. Barnes answers. He is repeatedly emphatic about the dismal future that is ours if in working out our destiny we take the road to the Right. But he favors none of the Left alternatives offered in this country, though he clearly distinguishes the political pattern in Soviet Russia from that in fascist countries and, indeed, prefers it.

His solution (and who can help seeking a solution when so many basic problems are discussed?) would seem to be a continuance of such advances as have been made under the New Deal. But how he would arrive at his social ideals is not part of his already oversized book of descriptive analysis.

"Society at the Bursting Point" might have been another title for this encyclopedia of unrest, although an alternative author for it would be hard to find. Few historians today share Dr. Barnes's sweep of mind and his literary facility. None has his particular knack of making his prose delineate with topographical accuracy the outlines of our far from changeless human relationships. The waste and ugliness and inadequacy in the present scene are scrupulously listed, but we're Pollyanna enough to wonder if there is not more vitality in the American people and in democracy than Dr. Barnes, after his long researches into the evils about us, has remembered. Whatever you think on this point, you will find *Society in Transition* impressive and provocative.

A SUMMARY of Carl T. Schmidt's *The Corporate State in Action* tends to sound like a cautionary tale from McGuffy's reader, which it definitely is not. Mr. Schmidt never preaches or gets excited about Mussolini and Italian Fascism; his study of them is lucid, unemotional — and devastating.

From the point of view of all sorts of citizens he analyzes the present governmental setup, and it looks in the end as if one modest catacomb could house just about all the people who have really benefited from Fascism. (Excepted, of course, are the horde of officeholders, bureaucrats, Party members who flourish at every one else's expense.) The peasant in need of land, the worker disappointed by the socialist leaders' weakness in 1921, middle-class tradesmen scared of revolution, industrialists who wanted lower taxes and more submissive labor and no government interference — these made up the list of the Duce's first supporters who later learned about the corporate state the hard way. Here is a gallery of the disillusioned and betrayed, ironic at best, most often tragic.

Mr. Schmidt himself learned about the corporate system through a year of travel and through piecing together figures official and otherwise. Into his 160 pages he has maneuvered a whole library of information without ever getting statistical. His is the first account we've seen that

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Not that all the subjects are paupers; nor are all agreed by any means on an attitude toward life. To the landlord the tenants seem given to thievery. To some of the tenants the landlords seem to have ordered the universe. One factory worker sees in the union a threat to his eight dollars a week, while a "cropper" regards the innovations of the New Deal as manna from heaven. The latter, however, hasn't quite adjusted himself to the newfangled idea that women should vote, and his wife must stay home on election day.

There is no loading of dice in the writing of *These Are Our Lives*, though you can't help suspecting that they were loaded against many of its characters long before the Writers' Project came along to put them into a sympathetic and memorable book.

One of the pleasantest things to discover about a book is evidence that the author liked writing it. By page 2 of *Tintypes in Gold* you feel sure that Joseph Henry Jackson has done his work with extraordinary relish — with the joy of a collector on the hunt for rare specimens. What Mr. Jackson collects is California robbers, four of whom were masters of their trade in stagecoach days.

The evil and whatever good these gentlemen did has long been buried in police and newspaper files and in the records of the Wells Fargo Express Company. Then came Mr. Jackson to dig. He uncovered fine, authentic desperado stuff and gold-rush lore and unexpected humor. Wisely he has not been tempted to put together his pieces in slick and flawless reconstruction. Instead he leaves the

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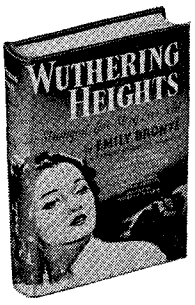

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The Book Forum

seams and ragged edges showing, a chink of missing evidence now and then. All of which adds greatly to the reader's fun and gives his book its leisured charm.

WE'VE been dealing from the bottom of the pile every time it came to Michael A. Shadid's autobiography, *A Doctor for the People* — and we were all wrong. This is not just another genial volume of medical memoirs. It is the swift, sometimes too close-cropped, but always interesting story of a man with an idea and the drive to carry it out.

After almost thirty years' practice in small, poor communities, Dr. Shadid decided that both physicians and patients could profit by a co-operative hospital plan. The patients agreed, and the first building in Elk City, Oklahoma, was soon financed. From that day on the hospital has been a target for those of the profession who see a socialized-medicine war just around every corner.

But the snipers still haven't picked Dr. Shadid off. Chiefly through his will and good sense, the Elk City hospital provides two thousand Oklahoma families with full medical care for twenty-five dollars per year per family. This includes everything from filling teeth to performing difficult operations. The project continues to look like a barricade in the street to opposition doctors but also it works with surprisingly few complaints.

THE good Queen Bess in her time sent shoals of explorers to seek the northwest passage to the Orient, and there's a kind of symbolic justice when today women finally help make that sea route practicable. Quite as thrilling as the Elizabethan yarn spinners could have wished is *I Went to the Soviet Arctic,* by Ruth Gruber.

The first foreign woman — indeed the first foreign journalist — ever to penetrate that turbulent frontier, she was sent on a special assignment. The *New York Herald Tribune* wanted her to find out what Russian women were up to, and as its correspondent she had no pro-Soviet ax to grind. She merely wrote what she saw in her intensive study of new and hopeful people in a new land.

Echoes of our own frontier make a counterpoint to the aggressive harmonies of the Arctic city, Igarka, which was her headquarters. Here she found whole farms under glass, modern interiors, electricity. And she found women everywhere busy, important, and happy people. As weather observers, officers on boats, political leaders, printers, scientists, they are men's equals even in earning power, which seems from Miss Gruber's report to be considerable. This is not to say that she liked everything that she found along the way. The absence of plumbing and

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The Book Forum

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THE conveyor-belt system has come to another important industry. Espionage, which until recently was an arts-and-crafts matter, now goes into mass production says Joseph Gollomb in his *Armies of Spies*. The proof he offers is mighty solemn, in spite of the brisk and engaging way he has of dealing with gruesome facts. Some of the good old-fashioned lonely adventure survives, to be sure, in his tale of Mme. de Littke, the lovely Polish secret agent who always wore gloves to conceal her too expressive hands. But the stories the author tells of wholesale spying in Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Spain could never have been invented by a "whodunit" writer, and there's very little romance in the hordes of supposed postmen and street sweepers who turned up in Nazi uniform to make arrests when the swastika moved in.

Mr. Gollomb is the only American journalist ever to get past certain doors in Scotland Yard, in the French Sûreté and detective schools, and a lot of other undercover agencies. All his amazing information is assembled with confidence and dramatic emphasis; and his chapter on the *Cagoulards* episode in France, which he reconstructs in detail, is alone worth the price of admission.

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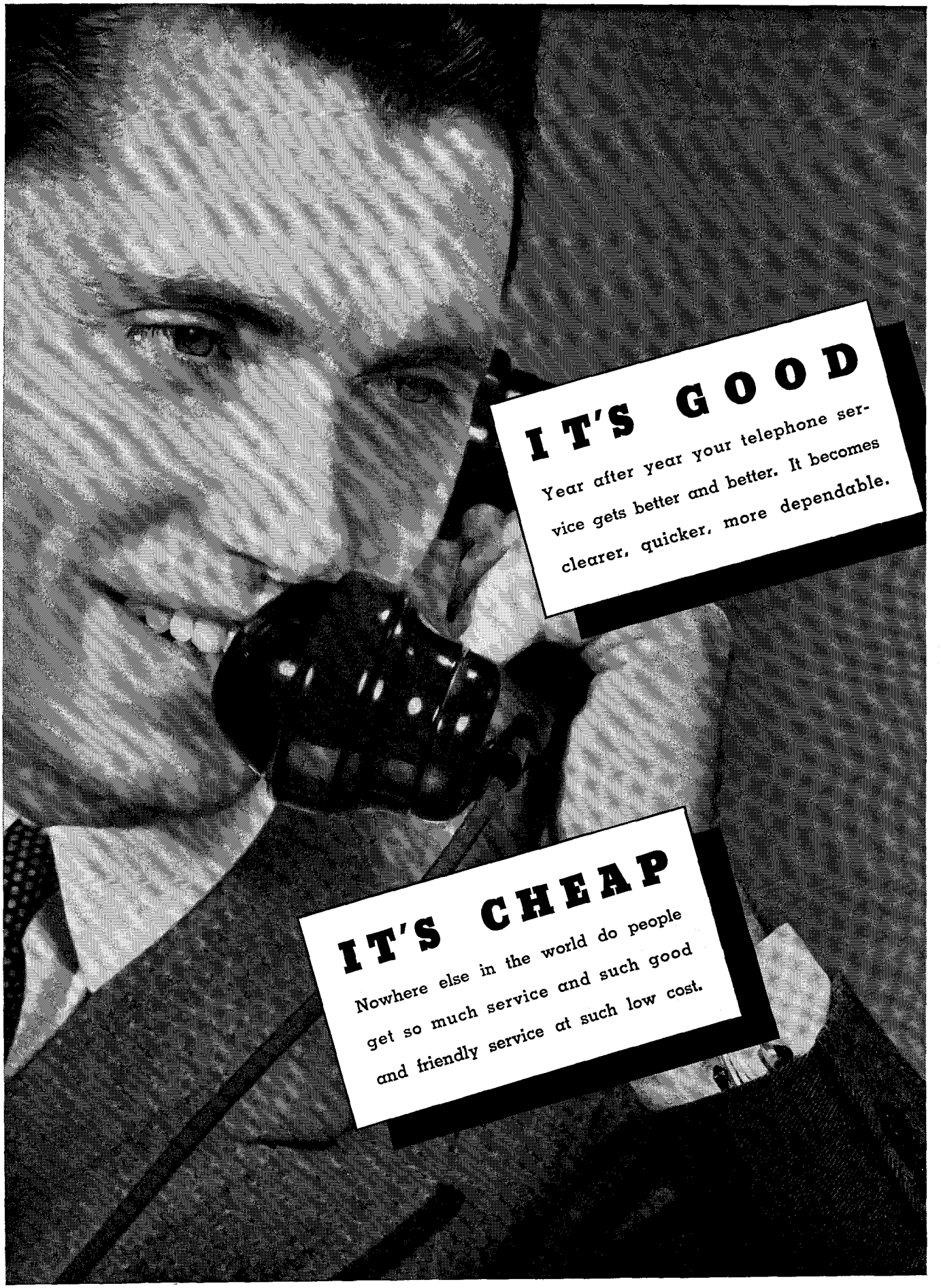
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F O R U M

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AUGUST, 1939 VOL. CII, NO. 2

Labor, Here's Your Chance

Editorial Foreword

FOR HALF A CENTURY THE FORUM has espoused the cause of American labor and opened its pages to articles about unions, collective bargaining, and all modern techniques which make for co-operation between employer and employee. Our dream has been the acceptance in our country of devices to insure equilibrium between labor and capital which have proved successful in Sweden and other prosperous democracies.

This month we have been urged to publish a word of caution, of caution to American labor unions not to push their hard-won privileges unreasonably.

For labor must not upset the balance again by imitating the tactics of ruthlessness of which malefactors of great wealth were formerly accused. If our democracy is to succeed — and it will succeed — the same high morale of good citizenship is required of the workingman and his union official as the public demands of the financier and the employer.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

RECENTLY THE VOICE of suspicion has been raised against labor in connection with the World's Fair of Tomorrow. It is said that labor, taking unfair advantages of its new power, has exacted huge indirect levies for permission to build and to operate Fair buildings.

The facts are not yet available.

This secrecy is owing to two factors. The time element is essential at the Fair, and it is expedient to avoid controversy and to satisfy exactions quickly in order that the work may be completed in time. Again, the Fair is a matter of good will, and it is better for the authorities to suffer their pains of labor in silence, making the best bargains they can get, rather than mar the picture by public acrimony.

The building unions in New York have been particularly hard on the foreign concessions.

Foreign commissions had assumed the right to bring over their own technicians to erect and install and maintain structures that are supposed to represent national characteristics which only their own skilled workingmen can interpret. In all fairness, they should be allowed to develop their leases in their own way.

Local unions, however, assert the right of American labor to do this work or to receive the equivalent of its cost in cash. By interference and threat they have complicated the task of our guests. We hope that the rumors of

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actual sabotage, such as the destruction of wiring already laid, are unfounded.

One formula of reconciliation is the absurd duplication of every man on the job, whereby the regular employee does the work, a union man stands by, and both are paid by the foreign commissioner. Thus thousands of dollars may be added to the budgets of foreign commissioners.

Even appeals for fair play to national union officials, who, of course do not countenance such practices, may be futile when local union officials snap their fingers at the higher-ups and get all they can out of a situation where speed is such a vital factor. Interference amounts to a claim for ransom.

Ruthlessness on the part of American labor is not calculated to further in the minds of our foreign guests the revival of international good will and co-operation that the Fair is supposed to foster.

This is not the first time that the good citizenship of unions engaged in the building trades has been under suspicion. Wage demands for construction, particularly of private dwellings, are high in proportion to those in other fields, and the exactions of the unions more high-handed.

This condition is one of the chief obstacles to the revival of residential building in the United States. The other chief obstacle is, of course, the inflated value of land on which to build. Capital and speculation on the one hand have driven land to such a valuation that often owners are obliged to demolish their buildings in order to reduce their taxes to bearable limits. On the other hand, the extortions of union labor make it prohibitive to build. At present it is in general impossible to put up a home in the United States on a basis of outlay and return that seems reasonable by any economic standard. Architects, engineers, statesmen are still groping for the answer.

Meanwhile the really practical dwelling is a moving one, a trailer or what-not — turned out not by the building trades but by the motor industries — that by flitting from place to place can avoid the expenses attendant on land or permanent anchorage.

Labor in the United States, the past few years, has obtained enormous powers. Some of the new legislation is uneven and has given labor the opportunity to become as truculent as the reactionary employers of the old days.

The workingman must be a responsible citizen. He should learn to be as familiar with the problems of his business and take in it as much personal pride as his foreman or executive.

Citizenship the Test

In societies that enjoy democratic equilibrium, employer and employee have equal rights under the law.

In the editorial in The Forum in May, 1937, before the latest economic smash, we pointed to the immaturities and the inequalities of the otherwise admirable National Labor Relations Act. The Act establishes desirable rights for labor without, at the same time, defining as clearly the rights of employers. We maintained then and we maintain now that labor unions should be as responsible for their contracts and behavior and be held to the same accountability as employers.

Let us quote again the mature legislation of another democracy.

Holland is a country of patriotic capitalists as well as prosperous labor. The Collective Agreements Act of the Netherlands is dated December 24, 1927. There are twenty-seven articles, and the first starts from scratch on this high plane of economic intelligence:

> A collective agreement shall mean an agreement concluded between one or more employers or one or more incorporated associations of employers on the one hand and one or more incorporated associations of employees on the other hand.

In another prosperous democracy, in the city of Stockholm, there stands a great and beautiful building dedicated to collective bargaining. Here, day and night, on floor after floor of streamlined offices, capital and labor sit comparing notes and revising schedules. Year by year in the spirit of give and take, Sweden grows at the same time "more socialistic" and "more capitalistic." Here is a model of co-operating citizenship.

American industry can be equally harmonious and profitable. In the last analysis it is a matter of intelligent fair play, of a general spirit of spontaneous co-operation, of good citizenship on the part of the workingman, of the union, of the corporation. Let us all pull together!

Henry Goddard Leach

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SAN ANTONIO: the Shame of Texas

by **RALPH MAITLAND**

TEXAS IS the most intensely chauvinistic of all American States. Her citizens are proud of her size, natural wealth, climate, history, flag, famous men, and traditions of liberty. They boast loudly and at length that Texas is the largest, richest, and most powerful State in the Union and they have only contempt for the endowments of other States. They hold generally that everything Texan is laudable and everything else is hardly worth mentioning.

Occasionally this inordinate patriotism leads them to express pride in the less creditable qualities of their State. They are so used to saying, "Well, you're in Texas now!" when visitors show interest or surprise, that they are inclined to brag in the same manner about the arid and blistering Texas summers, the icy Texas "northers" that sweep down from the frigid Panhandle, the brutal and backward Texas prisons, the ruthless oppression of Texas Negroes and Mexicans, and the atrocious Texas beer.

But there is one thing about which Texas emphatically does not boast, and that is the City of San Antonio.

For San Antonio has become known far and wide as a major blot on the Texas reputation, as the plague spot of the Lone Star State. It has been called a festering sore, a dreadful slum, and a quagmire of crime. It is notorious for its crimes of violence, its filthy and disease-ridden red-light district, its pecan-shelling sweatshops, its illegal gambling dens, and its four-mile-square Mexican slum, often mentioned as the worst in America.

Like a number of my fellow citizens in San Antonio, I find it difficult to determine just where to start in describing the conditions which have earned our city its Sodom-and-Gomorrah distinction. The average moral Texan simply sputters for five minutes and then launches into a violent and confused denunciation of all the city's vices together. Things have come to such a pass that San Antonio's deplorers are no longer coherent. Their descriptive technique is hardly adequate for a magazine article, however; the calm observer should have some definite point of departure.

Let's start with the crime situation.

Crimes and rackets of all varieties increase annually here as criminals flock in from places where the law is sterner. The word has got around in jails and hobo jungles the country over that San Antonio is a "red-hot" town where it is easy for a smart crook to get by.

Dwellers in safer cities can get a fair idea of what goes on here by following our progress in the various gaudy magazines which feature factual detective stories. Every month these journals report at least one outrageous murder or robbery which has occurred in San Antonio. Sometimes they carry several such tales, and it must be noted that only the worst crimes are acceptable to their editors.

We San Antonians find it unnecessary to go to nationally circulated magazines in search of crime stories. The front pages of our local newspapers keep us well supplied. Day after day these front pages are made up almost entirely of crime news. I have several before me now, all of recent date. One reports a kidnaping, a robbery, a criminal dynamiting, numerous assaults, and the bribery trial of a city official. Another features a murder by fire, a kidnaping and robbery, a series of holdups, and the arrest of another crooked officeholder. A third — but what's the use? They're all like that. Our own newspapers stamp San Antonio as a leading crime center of the nation.

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II

SPEAKING OF CITY OFFICIALS, almost every month brings some municipal scandal to shock the innocents who still believe in the honesty of public men — if, indeed, there are any such innocents remaining in San Antonio.

Before a third of 1939 had elapsed, three City Tax Department officials had been found guilty of bribery and misuse of public funds, and two of them had been sentenced to the penitentiary. Others passed through an investigation with less serious mishaps. Additional suspects are being investigated as this is written.

It should be mentioned that such investigations and exposés are seldom undertaken on the initiative of other more honest and dutiful public officers but usually result from pressure applied by enemy political factions.

Sometimes the charges brought against city officials fail to jell into convictions.

One such instance occurred this year, when charges of misapplication of city funds were brought against Ex-Mayor C. K. Quin. The Mayor was indicted and brought to trial, but the judge found a technical error in the indictment and freed Quin.

This inexpertly devised indictment was said to have been framed by one of Quin's opponents in the recent mayoralty race. Whether or not this is true, the charges and their attendant publicity apparently had the desired effect, for Quin was defeated by his long-time political enemy, Maury Maverick.

Mayor Maverick, former Texas Congressman of the New Deal left wing, has announced his intention to sweep the city clean of vice, crime, and corruption.

Whether he will succeed in this laudable but difficult aim remains to be seen. Political insiders think not. Crime and graft are too firmly entrenched in San Antonio. The general opinion of those in the know is that Maverick will be roped and hog-tied by undercover opposition of various local factions (such as bankers and manufacturers who fear the new Mayor's leftist tendencies) and by political cliques not subdued by the election results.

Politically, San Antonio has sunk lower — in the angry eyes of indignant Southern negrophobes — than any other American city. It is the only Southern metropolis which has ever existed under the political dictatorship of a Negro, and it is one of the few in which Negroes have even been permitted to vote in large numbers. For many years, every San Antonio election was swung by the Negro vote controlled by the late Charlie Bellinger, the mahogany-colored impresario of gambling and politics.

San Antonio's apparent liberalism in granting voting freedom to Negroes is not, of course, a discredit to the city. It would be a highly creditable circumstance, in fact, were it not that the Negro enfranchisement was inspired by only the basest motives. Negro voting and Bellinger's rule were tolerated by a corrupt city machine only because a large Negro vote, swung in the right direction, gave absolute assurance that the machine candidates would be elected.

The Bellinger saga is an interesting one, and throws much light on the character of San Antonio politics.

Charlie came here in 1906 and set himself up in the gambling business. He was clever with cards and a whirlwind with dice, and before long he was ranked the head-man gambler of the Negro colony. From gambling he branched out into banking and real estate. With a talent for politics and more money than any other San Antonio Negro, he was eventually able to stalk into City Hall with proof that he could deliver six or eight thousand votes, bought and paid for, in any electoral contest which might come along.

He was not left to fidget in anterooms. The powers that ruled knew that Bellinger's block of votes was exactly the assurance they needed in city elections, and they accepted his offer with expedition. That was more than fifteen years ago, and from that time until his death in 1937 Charlie was the man who told the boys how to run the city. So powerful was his hold over San Antonio politicians that he continued his dictatorship even while serving part of a term in Leavenworth federal prison for income-tax evasion.

A highly diverting anecdote centers around Bellinger's local political power and his trouble with the federal government.

He was in prison in 1936, and it is related that three months before that year's general election he threatened to swing his congressional district to the Republican Party if he

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were not released. He got a parole; but that was not enough for Charlie — he sought complete satisfaction. Before the next city election was held, he demanded that his San Antonio allies get him a Presidential pardon in return for his continued loyalty.

Mayor Quin and his followers enjoyed an overwhelming victory in the municipal election, and a few days later Quin and a political friend left San Antonio without naming a destination. When they returned, the Mayor announced that his journey had been a vacation trip, with no other significance whatever.

It was learned later that in Washington he had sought a White House interview through the influence of Congressman Maury Maverick. The Mayor might have known that the unfriendly Congressman would spill the beans.

He did, in the most embarrassing manner possible. The same issue of the newspaper that printed Quin's "vacation trip" statement contained Maury Maverick's touching story of how the Mayor had traveled all the way to Washington to beg a pardon for a paroled Negro convict.

Incidentally, Bellinger was in one way the best ruler San Antonio had for many years. Although graft, protected crime, and official shakedowns flourished during his regime, he did at least clean up one of the city's slums. Through the power of his organized votes, he forced city officials to give special attention to the Negro quarter. Today that section of town is comparatively well paved; has adequate light, water, and sewer service; and enjoys numerous public schools, parks and playgrounds, fire and police stations, a public library, and a public auditorium.

It is alleged that Charlie quietly purchased large areas of low-priced land in the Negro slum before he began asking for improvements and that his real estate doubled and tripled in value when the improvements came. But it is without argument true that, while today his people live in a fairly decent section of town, San Antonio's ninety thousand Mexicans, lacking a clever and powerful political leader, live in the most revolting squalor.

III

THE MEXICAN SLUM must be seen to be appreciated. I shall do my inadequate best to picture it for readers.

For one thing, it is impossible to reproduce its smells on the printed page. These are so many, so varied, and so strong that visitors often have to turn back and continue their sightseeing in less malodorous parts of the city.

The other day, in this quarter, I passed in an automobile some sort of food-storage house whose refuse was kept in garbage cans a foot or so from the front sidewalk. The stench was so bad that I speeded up my car to get past the place in a hurry, and I could only guess how it must have smelled to a skinny little Mexican girl who bent the entire upper half of her body into one of the big cans in search of something edible.

Slum housing is different here than in, for instance, New York or Baltimore. There are no tenement houses. Most of the "houses" are of one story or less. By "less," I refer to the fact that some of the roofs are not six feet high. Some of the shacks are "singles" occupied by one, two, or three families; and others are one-story "apartment" buildings. These are the worst of the lot. They are wooden boxes, slapped together with half- and quarter-inch boards and set up under one roof to string along half a block of street frontage. They look a little bit like the cheaper tourist cabins in the more isolated and backward parts of the country but they are far flimsier than any tourist cabin ever constructed. Each "apartment" is a single room about eight feet square. Some are smaller. Whole families live in these rooms.

The streets are not paved. Many of them are not really streets but alleys, with only a few feet of mud and stagnant water separating one long row of rickety shacks from another.

Often these huts and sheds have no toilets, no running water, no drains or sewers. The walls are almost no protection against weather; wide cracks admit every winter wind.

As a result of congestion, undernourishment, exposure, and lack of sanitation, disease is rampant. Accurate figures are not made available by the City Health Department, but Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, after a recent visit, reported in her syndicated newspaper column that "San Antonio has the highest tuberculosis rate in the country and it is not far behind in social disease." Subsequently, on rechecking her figures after protests had poured in, she stated that no statistics were available later than

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1933, in which year San Antonio had the second highest tuberculosis death rate in the country — outranked only by another (unnamed) Texas city!

The majority of San Antonio's host of prostitutes live and work in a corner of this slum. Their hovels cover about a square mile of the Mexican quarter.

Some live in little individual coops, but most occupy the jerry-built "apartments." Here they are on permanent display, one every eight or ten feet, awaiting business, their faces grotesque with thick rouge, lipstick, and eyebrow pencil, their bodies revealed by sleazy kimonos. They sit on chairs or cots inside their stalls, with the doors wide open; in very warm weather they sit on the steps outside, with feet cocked up on empty beer cases. Every detail of their squalid little cubicles is visible from the street. When a customer comes, a door is shut, and a blind pulled down, but every sound inside the closed stall must be audible through the paper-thin partitions.

One of the quaint features of our red-light district is the omnipresence of babies and children. They are everywhere, thousands of them, romping through carefree years in this gentle environment. They play around the doorways, crawl around the floors. It is not unusual to see a woman leering and whistling from a doorway with a dirty, underfed baby staring at the world from between her feet.

The prostitutes are white, Mexican, Chinese, Japanese, Negro, Indian, and Filipino. They range in age from thirteen to forty-five, in price from twenty-five cents to a dollar and a half. (They are, of course, the cheapest in town, and visitors should not be disillusioned about us. Better-looking and higher priced girls are available at numerous hotels in San Antonio.)

As far as disease is concerned, one probably is about the same as another. They are not licensed by the city but are supervised by the City Health Department —which means that they pay two dollars a week for health certificates. Every once in a while, however, they have had to pay additional premiums — when picked up on vagrancy or disorderly-conduct charges and fined twenty-five dollars apiece.

The inner workings of the City Health Department were given a public airing in 1938, when Leslie T. White, Editor of the newspicture magazine *Focus*, stated that "it is possible for a four-plus syphilitic to obtain a health card from the San Antonio health department for 50 cents," to go to work shelling pecans *by hand* for the nation to eat.

This announcement raised a great stink. City officials railed about irresponsible yellow journalists. Mayor Quin brought a libel action on behalf of the city's honor.

Editor White invited the suit.

The affair came to an end with Quin's retort that "I always make it a rule not to engage in a fumigation contest with a skunk."

It is the owners of the pecan-shelling factories, by the way, who are largely responsible for the Mexican slum and the horrible poverty which prevails therein. For decades previous to passage of the wages-and-hours act, thousands of Mexicans worked as pecan shellers for less than five cents an hour. Unskilled beginners were employed for as little as two cents an hour. Leading San Antonio families have grown wealthy, have built palatial homes, are driving around in chauffeured limousines on the profits derived from this slave labor. Since the advent of the federal laws against such practices, some of the pecan plants have closed, throwing more people out of work; some continue the sweatshop wages, maintaining their product is not prepared for interstate commerce; and a few are now paying as much as eleven dollars a week, an all-time high.

IV

How does San Antonio in general feel about the conditions I have described? What is the average man's reaction to the prevalence of crime and slums and official corruption? Doesn't he ever get up on his hind legs and fight for a better city?

Some ancient commentator on the follies of mankind once said that men deserve the rulers they tolerate. Perhaps it may be said that San Antonio deserves the conditions she tolerates.

Roughly speaking, there are two major groups of people here, those who take a kind of perverted civic pride in the city's vice and crime and those who will not admit that vice and crime exist.

Besides, too many of the town's citizens are engaged in one racket or another. I should say that the prevailing community attitude is that law and order are both all right in their places.

An instance of this feeling was observed

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when a grand jury got so far out of hand as to issue an order enforcing the Texas antigambling law. The immediate attack was on gambling machines, and the grand jury was treated to the sight of 1,500 angry, growling slot-machine operators marching on the courthouse, demanding with threats of violence and business boycotts that the order be rescinded. The mob was described by San Antonio papers as made up of "local merchants."

Such local merchants, along with many wealthier and more influential businessmen, have repeatedly supported city administrations like Quin's.

There are a few groups of citizens who hate the reputation their city has gained and who try from time to time to do something about it, but most of their efforts are wasted in futile windmill tilting. Among these are the majority of San Antonio clergymen.

Several members of the Ministerial Alliance have spent a tremendous amount of time and energy trying to get sex magazines banned from local newsstands — with a prostitute colony such as I have described flourishing practically in their own backyards. Others have spent their vital force campaigning against pinball machines and marble boards, while major crime bloodies the headlines daily.

There are at least two good reasons for this ministerial mildness, however. One is that too many congregations include prominent men who might resent any more vigorous attacks. Another is that many reverends feel hesitant about exposing themselves to physical danger. Death threats have been received by San Antonio ministers who went too far —notably Rev. Neal Ellis, a Baptist minister who attacked crime and vice conditions, and Father Carmelo Tranchese, a Catholic priest who has advocated a federal housing project to help clean up the slums.

Occasionally, when protests against gambling become too numerous and insistent, a series of minor raids will be made by the police. That gambling does not stop, however, is obvious to everyone.

I make no claim to knowledge about the luxurious gambling dives said to operate in certain San Antonio buildings for I find it too expensive to travel in such circles, but a blind man could detect the presence of gaming throughout the city.

Recently I visited a barbershop near the center of San Antonio. In the rear of the establishment a poker game was going on. It was frequented by customers and by federal employees from the nearby post office, and while I was there the corner policeman joined in.

The local police, by the way, are regarded with mild contempt by a large contingent of the populace. The general opinion is that the only serious law enforcement undertaken in San Antonio occurs when the State troopers have a job to do in the city. This attitude is an integral part of the community feeling about crime and corruption; but people don't really censure the police — they rather like them. We're all here together and we might as well get along, say these friendly folk.

Withal, San Antonio has a pretty good opinion of itself in other respects.

With slums, poverty, and vice invisible to the casual visitor, the Chamber of Commerce touts the city as a tourist and convention center. The slogan is: *San Antonio, Where Life is Different.* Merchants, newspapers, and hotel owners chime in, of course, reciting paeans to the local climate, prosperity, and points of interest. All these public-spirited citizens, while tolerating every kind of vileness, raise hell and put props under it if anyone suggests that San Antonio is not an ideal place in which to live — and spend money.

Adding a ludicrous note to the grim scene, our "quality" folk put up a resplendent front of respectability and social gaiety calculated to distract attention from the town's seamier side.

"Society" is a big thing here. Everybody with a checking account enters into the social whirl with vim and vigor. And anybody but a Mexican or a Negro can make the grade, so long as he is willing to spend. The society pages of the daily papers are numerous, and the Sunday sections voluminous. Newspaper readers of San Antonio are treated to a fine display of gowns and gargoyles.

"Bags in bangles," is the way one of my newspaper friends puts it. But that is a rude thing to say, and, besides, a more sober thought comes to me as I look at the pages of photographs and party announcements. I cannot help wondering if these charming matrons and radiant misses are the wives and daughters of men whose business interests include slum rentals and pecan profits.

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We Live in the Slums

by **NORMA LEE BROWNING**

RUSSELL HITCHHIKED 1,800 miles to marry me.

For three years we had known that someday we would be married. There had been college to finish and debts to pay — but we had dared to hope. We knew that the sensible course was to wait, at least until he had a job. But college had done something for us. We had worked our way through, and those four years had taught us courage, had taught us how to have happiness when we hadn't a cent.

A scholarship had brought me East to study for my master's degree.

As soon as exams were over in June, he came, with 75 cents in his pockets — he had left Missouri with $2.40 — and a camera over his shoulder.

I wrote to Dad:

> Don't be too hard on him. There are thousands of decent, honest, ambitious boys who have nothing substantial to offer a wife. It isn't their fault. What they need is a little co-operation and someone to have faith in them. I have faith in Russell. You wait and see.

With the fifteen dollars I had saved from spare-time typing jobs and the twenty-five a pawnbroker lent Russell on his camera, we were married.

We knew from the start that ours would not be the easy way. Neither of us had influential friends or prosperous relatives. We knew hardly anyone in the East, and our few friends here were as young as we were and as nearly penniless.

We wanted a real honeymoon, and that was simple. We spent our first five days of married life in a clean, cheap hotel near Times Square.

We'd watch the bright lights from our hotel window and then we'd go down and stand and gaze at them, mingling with people from all over the world.

We couldn't afford theater tickets, but we were vastly entertained by the theater crowds.

For a nickel apiece we bought our adventurous way to Coney Island.

For two dimes we rode atop a bus up Riverside Drive and saw the George Washington Bridge.

We went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art on one of its free days.

We walked through Central Park.

Almost every day we strolled to Grand Central Terminal and spent hours there just looking at things and people; to this day we consider Grand Central one of the most fascinating places in New York.

This was not all we did.

We both knew that after five short days we must come to grips with poverty again. Where should we live? How? We must think of bread and butter and a roof over our heads.

So on each honeymoon morning Russell started out again to look for a job as a photographer, and I set out apartment hunting. At two o'clock we met at our hotel, discussed briefly our futile mornings, and then forgot them until the next day.

FINDING A HOME

I KNEW that Russell would find a job but somehow I had not expected that he would be paid only fifteen dollars a week. Still, he did have a job, and so many times we had heard that nobody could find one. He was going to work next Monday.

Meanwhile we could hunt together for apartments and, hopefully, we plunged into the cheap districts.

We saw noisy, badly ventilated apartments for eighty dollars and up. We climbed four flights of old stairs and looked at single rooms, with gas burners and windows on air shafts, for fifty a month. We climbed more stairs to musty rooms where tenants washed dishes in their bathtubs and never saw sunshine and where elevated trains shook the windows every sixty seconds.

We could not afford them.

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Then one afternoon we came to old St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, a fragment of old New York surrounded by slums. We walked eastward slowly, curious to see the swarming tenements, the squalor of dead-end streets.

The sidewalks were cracked, and garbage cans were ranged along their edges in the afternoon sunshine. Behind the buildings, the sky was crisscrossed with lines of fluttering clothes. We made our way through swarms of children playing hopscotch and jump-the-rope, while babies tottered against our knees.

Under the smudges of the day, the children were clean. Their mothers who leaned from the windows or sat chatting on the steps were comfortably plump. Not all of them were tidy, but none of them was dirty. Women passed us with filled market bags on their arms, and they were dressed like the women in our own small Middle Western towns.

We saw faded little signs: 1, 2, 3 Rooms, White Sinks. Inquire Within. We did not think of inquiring within. We had never thought of living in slums. We looked into narrow, dark hallways and we looked up at the maze of fire escapes. The buildings were dingy, and the woodwork was crumbling and unpainted.

We came to a projecting arched brick entrance with a sign: For Rent. The old building interested us. Gingerly we went in.

The walls of the hall were bare brick, the floor was cement. A few steps went up to a dusky landing.

I said to Russell, "We'll come out of here with rats in our pockets."

But the steps were clean.

The landing was so nearly dark that when a man came suddenly down the stairs, he startled us.

Russell asked him where we should find the superintendent.

"Where do you think you are? Park Avenue?" the man retorted good-naturedly. "The janitress is on the second floor. Come along with me; I'll show you."

I had never seen a janitress so young, so pretty, and so intelligent. She was not much older than I. Her dress was as good-looking as mine, and she was immaculately neat. Her apartment was spotless, with shining inlaid linoleum, starched curtains, and furniture I liked. She said she had a two-room apartment for rent.

"How much?" we asked.

"Eight dollars a month."

Eight dollars a month! I kept repeating this to myself. I could hardly believe it.

The rooms were large enough, with high ceilings, cross ventilation, sunshine, even a forsaken fireplace. They were quiet, except for the voices of the children playing, four flights below. There were electric lights, gas, a sink with a cold-water faucet, and a modern toilet.

We took it.

Cutting Corners

It made us a bit panicky at first to think of what our families and friends would say. What they said was worse than we expected. How could we think of living among dirty, ignorant, drunken slum dwellers? It would not be safe to walk in those streets at night. If we persisted in living there, we should be cut off from all our friends. No one would come to see us; we should meet no more people of our own kind. And what would Russell's boss think of such an address? A good or at least a respectable address, we were told, is essential in beginning a business or professional career. Besides, we couldn't possibly live without central heat and a bath; it was unhealthy; we should pay far more in doctors' bills than we saved in rent. All this was triumphantly clinched by: "You can't live in a bare apartment without a stick of furniture."

For three weeks we slept on a narrow cot lent to us by the janitress.

Tenants moving out had left, among other

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things, a small oval table, with layers of newspapers glued to its top by spilled sirup and sugary coffee. We scraped and sandpapered — and discovered the table was solid walnut. We oiled it. It was our first real piece of furniture — and beautiful.

At a secondhand shop we bought for five dollars a coal stove which fitted the niche in our kitchen wall. I had never built a fire in my life; I had never cooked on a coal stove; but Russell had been a Boy Scout once — he taught me. Pots and pans came from the five-and-ten, and soon we were eating.

In the neighborhood is a man who makes inner-spring couches, with kapok mattresses and three fat, square pillows, for fifteen dollars. By the time we had saved that much money our studio couch was ready to bring home.

A small enamelware bathtub — one dollar — was among our first purchases; also a teakettle which singingly supplies us with plenty of hot water.

Our bathing still concerns our friends. "But how do you manage without a bath?" they ask.

Bathing was invented long before bathtubs.

One of our neighbors helped us remodel the fireplace. We'd always wanted one. The hearth fire is a cheerful friend in the evenings, and it says good night to us with the flickering of its last low flames.

We are acquainted in junk shops. For a dollar we bought an old walnut chest of drawers which needed a few repairs.

In a nearby woodworker's shop Russell bought four small wooden stools for fifty cents each. I painted them to match the gay fiesta-ware dishes. We used them around our walnut table.

At the dime store we bought tableware with bright-colored handles and we covered the shelves in our pot-and-pan closet with Mexican-print oilcloth at ten cents a yard.

Slowly we added chairs, lamps, and pictures and a table for my typewriter.

Getting Acquainted

Maybe you can fix up an apartment, our friends had said, but you can't do anything about the neighborhood.

We did not intend to do anything about the neighborhood. We felt then that we should ignore it. We were not slum people — we had been to college; we were educated; we were not like our neighbors. We should endure them until we could afford to move to a better part of New York. In our unconscious snobbishness we even felt that we might be a "good influence." Our apartment would be different — it would be clean; it would be attractively furnished.

When our furnishing was complete, our Viennese neighbor from the floor below came to make a call. She inspected our apartment beamingly and complimented it sincerely, but I felt a certain reservation. She remarked that it takes time to make a home and that she had lived nineteen years in her apartment.

She asked us to come and see her, and we did. Her quaint apartment might have been done by Walt Disney to express perfectly her neat, jolly, rosy self. Starchy white in the windows and doorways hang the curtains embroidered in dark blue. Her living room is a riot of happy-colored flowers done in cross-stitch on sofa and mantelpiece and bed and pillows and curtains. The final straw to my shame was the glitter of her linoleum and her windowpanes shining with cleanliness like China dishes.

In our building all the apartments, with one single exception, are as clean as ours — or cleaner.

Next door to us live three men and a little white poodle, named Lulu. Aha! I thought, maybe they'll be untidy. One day they told Russell about the fireplace they had painted. We went in to see it, and the cleanliness of their apartment put me to shame as a housekeeper.

The weekly wash is unknown to our neighbors. The clothes lines crisscrossing our court flutter daily with drying clothes, because they will not leave a soiled garment in their houses overnight.

And every day our neighbors wash the oilcloth that covers their shelves and window sills.

We couldn't keep even our intellectual superiority.

Imagine our embarrassment when Tony the coalman began to talk rings around us in history and government; when we found a saleswoman in a basement shop reading Shakespeare and knowing more about the Elizabethan dramatists than I, an English-literature "major"; and when I discovered through the community mailbox that another tenant (he is a house painter) besides myself subscribed to my favorite literary review.

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Why did we, of all people, ever suppose that thinking depends on a bank account?

Tony brings the coal in winter, three bushels a week at forty cents a bushel, and waste wood salvaged from wrecked buildings, a huge basketful for a dime. In summer he brings ice for our little secondhand icebox.

We pay him for the coal and wood and ice but we do not pay him for bringing us the breakfast rolls, for emptying the drip pan, for fixing the fire when we are out, for carrying down the garbage. To offer Tony payment for these services would insult him. He does them as a friend.

One night we forgot the drip pan. Next morning Tony found a flooded floor. Every night since then he has stopped on his way home and climbed four flights of stairs to make sure the ice pan is emptied.

His wife invited us to their house for Easter dinner. Their home, an apartment of five sunny rooms, is a shining place of polished furniture and waxed linoleum, full of the chatter of six rosy children and the music of a radio.

All our neighbors are friendly.

The Hungarian woman on the second floor brings us curious little biscuits of her own baking.

When I work long at my typewriter the Italian woman anxiously brings me a cup of hot coffee with sugar and cream.

The little German lady who lives nicely on thirty dollars a month showed me how to plant flowers and keeps mine watered when I'm out. Russell made her a window box of scrap lumber and painted it for her; she made an embroidered apron for me.

Our building's community mailbox is on the first floor. We hardly ever go down for the mail. Our neighbors or the children bring it up to us.

We chat back and forth across our balconies.

When the door is open, Lulu, the little white poodle, strolls in and makes herself at home.

In summer evenings we move our table to the balcony, and Lulu's master sometimes joins us for tea; he and Russell discuss politics and lend each other tools and paint brushes.

There is a neighborliness in living here that I did not find during my first year in the East.

Not once in the whole year have I seen a drunken man or woman in our neighborhood. Not once have I heard a vulgar word, even from the boys playing in the streets. Our neighbors are not only clean and friendly but well bred in their manners.

Why did we, of all people, ever suppose that morals and manners depend on a bank account?

The first time that I came home after dark I frightened myself into a panic. All the warnings I had heard, all the crimes I had read about pursued me down the sinister street where only the street lights shone. In every doorway of the dark buildings lurked a horror ready to leap out at me. Somehow I reached our entrance and fled gasping up the stairs.

The janitress, hearing me stumbling and panting, came up to see what was wrong.

I told her I was scared — "There's not a soul in the streets. I didn't see anyone, not anyone."

"If you didn't see anybody, then what are you scared of?" she asked sensibly. "Nobody's on the street now; they're all in bed. It's almost ten o'clock."

Now, when I come home late at night, I walk the two short blocks from the bus line as calmly as if I were in some sleeping small town.

SANCTUARY

THIS NEIGHBORHOOD *is* a small town. Most of its people have lived here for years. For blocks around, everybody knows everybody else, and women doing their marketing exchange neighborhood news.

The little shops with their single windows sell the best of food at reasonable prices. If we buy so much that we sigh at the thought of carrying the package up five flights of stairs, some dealer offers to bring it up on his way home to dinner. For five cents we can breakfast at the corner bakery on *café au lait* and a crusty roll with butter. In a Jewish shop next door we buy the most delicious rye bread, baked in great loaves and sold by the pound. For almost nothing at all in the pastry shops along First and Second Avenues we buy plenty of cakes for tea, cakes that our guests have never seen before and are crazy about.

For we have plenty of guests. Far from being cut off from our friends, we have never been so popular with them. Our apartment has become something like a landmark in a sightseeing tour. We found ourselves becoming virtually professional entertainers, by explaining how we did it and taking our guests to our neighbors' apartments to prove that ours isn't a miracle.

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(It isn't, you know. We pay the rent which is standard in the neighborhood. This isn't any housing "project," either; it is all strictly business.)

We have a waiting list of people who want to sublet our apartment. One of them is Russell's boss.

The vacant apartment on our floor has been taken by another young couple. She is a Vassar girl whose husband has only a Ph.D. Both of their families fell into faints when they learned the address, but Betty and Al would rather start out on their own than live with the folks.

Russell and I are not the only ones who are tired of all this talk about young people today not daring to get married, not even daring to fall in love, because they have no money and they can't find jobs and they must wait until times are better. Most of our friends of our own age know as well as Americans ever knew that we cannot expect to get anything better by sitting down and waiting for it to be handed to us.

Living in the slums is not easy. But is living anywhere easy?

The greatest advantage of it, I think, is something quite intangible, a feeling that came to us after we had thrown off all pretenses, all thought that we were living in the slums "temporarily." It is a feeling that life's real values are not material values. Here we are among people who live by the very fundamentals of life. They have neither time nor money to waste; they make the best of what they have. To understand them, to be of them, to be friends with them is a spiritual education.

Our home is still a cold-water walk-up, four flights above the lively street where in summer evenings women gossip and men play cards and crowds of children at play are as noisy as English sparrows.

The climb to our top floor is long and winding, but our balcony greets us with flowers. Russell made the boxes, and I planted them myself.

At night the moon does queer tricks, throwing barred light on the walls and the courtyard below. We lean on the balustrade and watch our German neighbor, two stories down, winding in the wash and emptying the courtyard of its shadows.

It's just like Paris — so we've been told. But we do not feel that we are in a far-off, romantic place — rather that all the enchantment is here.

This month we celebrate our first anniversary.

A year is not time enough in which to accomplish everything. But today Russell has a studio all his own — one room in a vacant apartment on our floor for which he pays one dollar a week. He has reclaimed the camera that married us.

Some day he will not be getting wages but paying them.

We look back on the year with pride. We have built a home on fifteen dollars a week.

And something tells us we're going to keep right on living in our little slum apartment, even when "times" are "better."

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Why No Third Term?

by **DONALD RICHBERG**

IN ORDER to qualify as a Grade-A political prophet, let me begin by asserting quite positively that Roosevelt and Garner will not be re-elected in 1940.

This leaves open, however, the question whether either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Garner might be elected President in 1940.

Without unduly disparaging Mr. Garner's chances, it can be recorded that he could hardly be nominated and elected over the opposition of President Roosevelt, and no seasoned political observer would assume that his candidacy is likely to enlist the President's support.

This brings us to the major political question of the day: Should Franklin D. Roosevelt undertake to be the first third-term President of the United States; and, if not, why not? This question is one of world-wide interest.

When in England last September I had the pleasure of lunching with Mr. Lloyd George at his home in Surrey, and he pressed me repeatedly to explain why President Roosevelt should not seek a third term. My efforts to answer did not seem to furnish him with convincing reasons. So on my return to the United States I repeated his inquiry to the President — not seeking to pry into his intentions, but simply to make interesting conversation in the relaxation of a lunch hour. Thereupon, the President furnished me with a number of persuasive reasons against a third-term candidacy, which he said I might very well have given to Mr. Lloyd George.

The present article is not a presumptuous effort to reveal this President's views, although this President's ultimate decision may either end the discussion or submit the issue to popular judgment. The most important inquiry for every one, including the President, is: What will serve the needs and wishes of the American people? My present effort is to weigh the merits of the most potent reasons that anyone might offer for or against a third-term candidacy, for the purpose of determining what ought to happen and probably will happen in 1940.

There are many sound arguments against the continuance of a president in public office which have no relation to the personality of a particular president. These are arguments based on no antagonism to Mr. Roosevelt himself or to the New Deal as a whole. These are the only arguments that can be fairly made for maintaining the so-called third-term tradition.

Those who are simply opposed to the President and his policies would be equally opposed to a second term.

On the other hand, there are a host of people who, like myself, are friendly to the President and his administration and who would continue in their support regardless of any differences of opinion as to particular policies or methods or the merits of particular officials but who are seriously concerned with the question whether one man should continue to exercise the tremendous power of this great office for more than eight consecutive years. Those are the people to whom I am speaking and whose thoughts I am trying to express.

II

IN THE FIRST PLACE, we are not concerned with any fear of dictatorship. We do not lie awake at night worrying over the possible establishment of a Roosevelt dynasty. We know that so long as we have free speech, a free press, universal suffrage, and constitutional provisions which are effective restraints on the power of the president to control the armed forces of the nation, so long as we have no threatening organization of extralegal armies, no one, including whoever may be president, can take the control of our government out of the hands of the duly elected State and national representatives of the people.

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There is, however, a real menace to the welfare of the country in the possibility that public thought and action may be dominated or even feel that it is being dominated by the personality of one man.

In our history there have been many city bosses and now and then a State boss, such as the late Senator Long, who have exercised a concentrated authority admittedly unhealthy to a dangerous degree. But it is much more difficult to assume that a president, despite the expanding sweep of federal power, could exercise tyrannical authority over a hundred thirty million people organized throughout our vast territory into so many independent and powerful units of local self-government.

Nevertheless, it is evident that a strong man filling the most powerful office in the most powerful nation in the world will impress his ideals and methods on the thought and action of millions of people. In time, a large fraction of the population may become so dependent on his leadership that they will follow him almost blindly. At the same time, the sense of his personal domination will become more and more offensive to many who are not outright opponents. Masses of people who like him and esteem his public service will feel that the men and measures that constitute a democratic government should not be personal selections to carry out a one-man policy. They will feel that, in the somewhat inefficient but safe processes of popular government, men and measures should be selections by the people as a whole to carry out for the people public policies that are a product of the people.

It is the everlasting problem of democratic leadership to gain the efficiency of a disciplined organization, supported by a loyal following, without transforming the leader into an autocratic, self-perpetuating boss. There is a sound instinct, although often fortified by low motives, in the resentment that rises against long-continued political control by even high-minded, faithful public servants.

A party organization deeply entrenched in power becomes unresponsive to public opinion, as has been demonstrated over and over again. A leader too strong to be opposed in minor matters inclines more and more to make his own decisions as to what is good for the people, with less and less effort to determine what they think is good for themselves. The exalted and overworked chief executive of a great nation may try as he will to remain in close contact with the daily living and thinking of the people. He will be compelled to gain his understanding of popular feeling to an undesirable extent from a small number of close associates who are helping him execute his plans and are reporting back on how they are working. Opposition criticism of every variety must necessarily be discounted. Much of it will be so biased and ill-informed that a self-confident leader can be easily persuaded to ignore it or to spend more energy in destroying than in trying to understand his opponents.

III

IT IS, HOWEVER, an undeniable check on the perpetuation of political power that its responsiveness to public opinion must be submitted to popular judgment, not only in the nomination and election of a president, but in the re-election of the House and one third of the Senate every two years. Also, it is peculiarly evident at the present time that opposition within and outside the majority party grows steadily in strength as the accomplishments of those in power fail to satisfy the electorate.

Thus, the question may be propounded in the form that it is frequently asked by foreign observers: Why should there be any objection to an effort to continue a president in office so long as he must in the end command a majority or at least a decisive plurality vote?

To put the question in another way: What is the value of the third-term tradition which would justify a president who could be re-elected in refusing to seek re-election?

Again, it is well to point out that this question must be answered not in terms of the merits of a particular president but on the assumption that the President would be the popular choice if it were not for the feeling that it is more important to maintain the third-term tradition than to continue him in office.

It is undoubtedly almost impossible for the average man to eliminate his personal preferences in answering this question. If today the voters were asked to choose between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. X, for the nomination, or between nominee Roosevelt and nominee X, for the election, it is practically certain that

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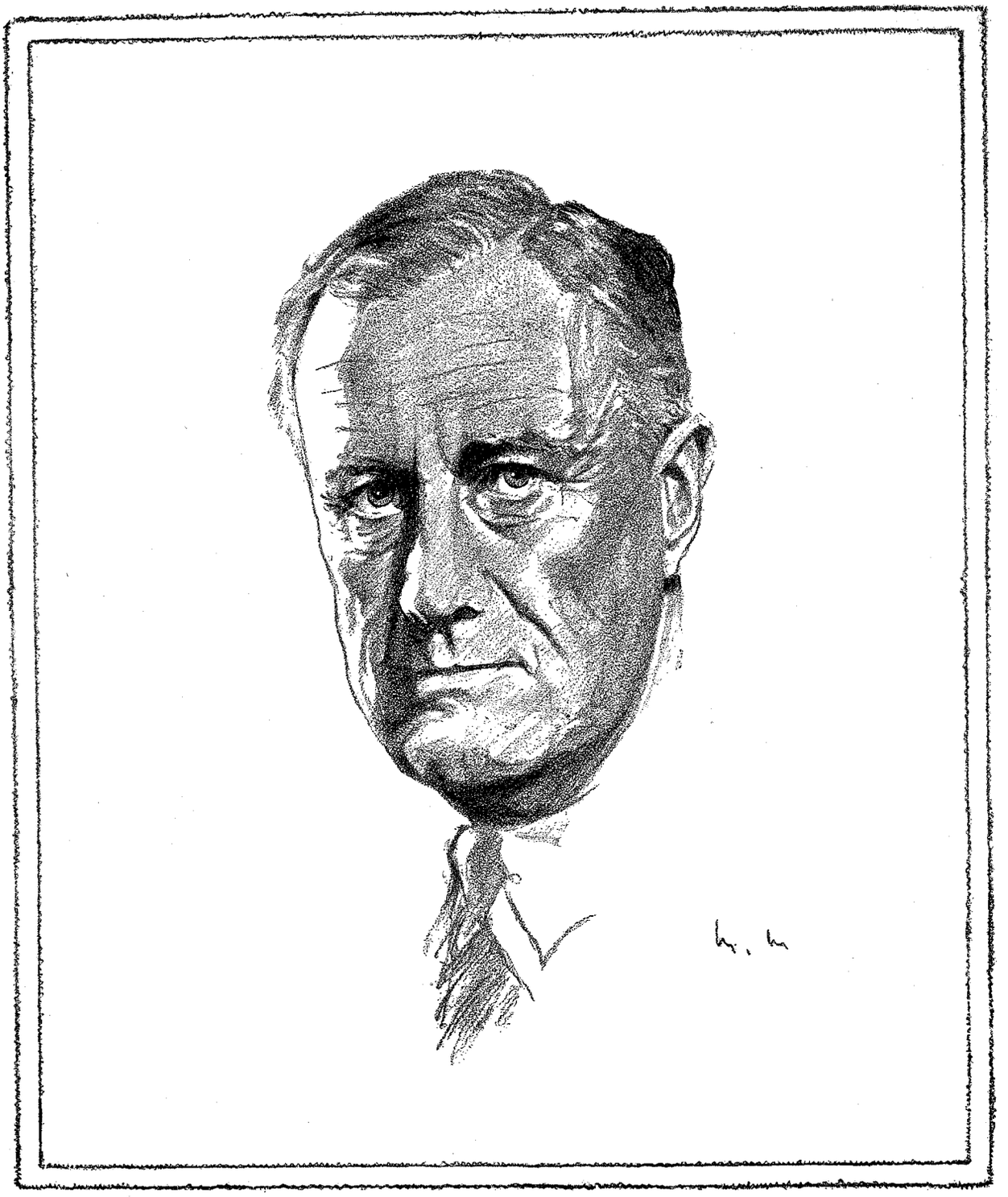

Will He? Should He?

nine out of ten, regardless of expressed reasons, would vote according to personal preference rather than according to a carefully reasoned judgment. In the election, confirmed partisans would generally stick by the party regardless of the candidate; confirmed independents would generally vote for the candidate they preferred regardless of his party. One can feel reasonably sure that only a small percentage would vote against a third-term candidate whom they personally liked in favor of a less liked opponent, just to preserve the third term tradition. (Many who cited the third-term tradition in opposing Mr. Coolidge's candidacy in 1928 are silent about it now that Mr. Roosevelt is the potential candidate.)

Accordingly, if there is any merit in the third-term tradition as a part of our unwritten

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political law, the time to consider the issue objectively is before it is submerged in a choice between two men. If it be a valuable safeguard to democracy to insure that no man shall use the extraordinary power of the presidency for more than eight years to impress the influence of his personality on the country and to fill public offices with his appointees, then not even an admirable president should break down this safeguard and provide a precedent for the perpetuation of an undesirable and ruthless chief executive. If it be unhealthy for millions of democratic voters to substitute trust in a man for allegiance to principles and methods of government, then a faithful servant of democracy may well feel that the third-term tradition provides an invaluable check on any tendency toward personalized government.

It is my conviction that President Roosevelt is keenly sensitive to these merits in the third-term tradition. He invariably considers his actions in relation to the background of American history, and, when he breaks a precedent, I am sure he does it in the belief that he is establishing a better precedent.

IV

IT IS NOT DIFFICULT for me to assume that President Roosevelt might challenge the third-term tradition if, in the course of the next year, the United States should become deeply involved, even as a neutral, in the issues of an international conflict and if apparently our future destiny hung on a choice of leadership in which he alone presented the alternative to what he regarded as a dangerously wrong leadership. In this event a majority of the American people might be expected to support his challenge.

It is, however, much more difficult to judge what President Roosevelt would do or should do in a situation which is more likely to confront him.

He has spent his energies for many years in organizing and making effective a political machinery responsive to his ideals of social and economic justice. He transformed a political party that was emotionally liberal and practically conservative into a powerful instrument of far-reaching reform.

Now he sees the democratic forces which he is leading moving toward a decisive battle with the other major party, which has been steadily gaining strength and confidence. He sees his own party not merely weakened by factionalism but dangerously divided by a strongly organized revolt against his leadership.

He faces the issue as to whether the permanent values of his work are seriously to be impaired by the recapture of political control of *both* major parties by the conservative forces he had driven out of power. In such a situation is the third-term tradition more important than the preservation of *one* party, whether in or out of power, as a militantly progressive organization?

Opponents will not agree with this analysis of the issue that faces President Roosevelt, but it seems to me that this is the way it must present itself to him. If so, what are the inevitable moves that must precede and finally determine his decision? How far will public opinion follow him and approve his course?

In the first place, he must seek to defeat the opposition within the party, regardless of the immediate effect on the party fortunes.

No man with his record of achievement and confidence in the rightness of his purposes would fail to make every proper effort to maintain his leadership or to make sure that it was transferred to a worthy successor. This means that he must remain a potential candidate until the time when he can make sure that the national convention will endorse and continue his leadership in the platform it will write and the candidates it will name.

Every practical politician knows that the moment a president renounces the ambition to succeed himself he lays aside his dominant power of leadership. All the political prizes of the future must then be sought through the success of some other man. The factional struggles within the president's party are intensified. Even the president's support of a successor has less weight than the ability of each candidate to gain support for himself and to offer the promise of victory. It is a political maxim that a popular leader cannot transfer his mantle; he can only help to make a new mantle fitted to another personality.

The strength of the president's position as a potential candidate is decisively felt in its veto power. To say: "I am against A and I am in favor of B," may not be fatal to A's candidacy. The supporters of A may well reply that they

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have the votes and will nominate A and then ask whether the president will refuse to support his party's nominee — a difficult question. But if the president says, in effect: "I will seek the nomination myself rather than acquiesce in the nomination of A," then the candidacy of A is doomed to fail.

The president's power to renominate himself might be severely tested on a third-term issue, but the odds favor the attempt of any reasonably popular president to control his party convention. If the national leader is repudiated by his own party, then that party, having condemned itself, is surely going to be rejected by the voters.

This brings up a particularly plausible argument that can be made against a third-term nomination. That is the contention that the party itself may be coerced by the use of presidential power into renominating a man who otherwise would not be the free choice of the party. Essentially, however, this is a complaint of injury to a political party and not of harm to the nation — because the final verdict will be written in the free ballots of the entire nation. In any event, it can hardly be denounced as sin for a president to use the power of his office in every practical, honorable way to develop a successor who shares his convictions as to how that high office should be administered in the future to advance the public interest.

V

So we look forward to the time of the national conventions with fair certainty that there will be a strong movement to renominate President Roosevelt — a movement which must have had his tacit support, even though in his inner thought he may not want the nomination. And it becomes pertinent to ask why should he, if enjoying good health, not wish to run for another term?

There are many reasons, but one might have predominant force.

If the President should gain renomination at the expense of defeating an irreconcilable opposition, he would campaign against three major obstacles. First, there would be the antagonisms in the party which, if they did not produce a revolting party, would deliver a substantial vote to the Republican candidates. Second, there would be the third-term issue, a dangerous weapon in the hands of a skillful opposition. Third, there would be the inevitable popular reaction after eight years of reform and disillusionment for masses of discontented people, who are always hoping for miraculous progress through a change of political leadership and are always being disappointed. No one appreciates more keenly than the President that it would be a political miracle for a reforming administration to retain public support for eight years. Liberals can never satisfy the ardent hopes which they arouse. Their following never has the unity of masses of conservative-minded folk who are more willing to bear the ills they have than to suffer new hardships in seeking to better their lot.

Whoever is president from 1941 to 1945 is going to have a tough job. Four years more of public responsibility and internal dissension might nearly ruin the Democratic Party. Four years of new responsibilities for an unregenerated Republican Party may ruin that party.

Perhaps in the long view the public interest and the Democratic Party interest might be served if the Democratic Party retained its progressive principles and leadership but, behind a less popular standard bearer, lost its supreme responsibility and then patiently waited and prepared for its restoration to power in 1944.

It is not unreasonable to believe that such a line of reasoning might precede the final decision as to whether there will be a third-term issue in the election of 1940. But it does not seem reasonable to believe that any decision will be made until the time arrives when that decision can no longer be postponed.

A movement to renominate the President does not mean that a decision has been made but that a decision is being postponed to the time when it can be made most effective.

In an early issue:
'Rich Young Man Makes Good,'
the story of Governor Vanderbilt of Rhode Island

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New Jersey's Giant Cancer

by **J. L. BROWN**

THESE ARE GENERALLY CONSIDERED to be trying times. Millions of unemployed require some form of public aid; and municipal, State, and federal officials rack their brains to discover new sources of revenue.

Yet there exist all over the land valuable pieces of real estate which are wholly tax-free. An official government survey of fifty-two cities of more than one hundred thousand population indicates that in those places alone the value of tax-exempt property totals the fabulous sum of $11,084,918,000. Of this amount, $7,912,985,000 worth was publicly owned, but no less than $3,171,933,000 worth (28.6 per cent) was privately owned.

In so many words, therefore, while politicians toy with the idea of assessing the already impoverished masses with sales taxes and income taxes in the lower brackets, three billions of dollars in private real estate are free from the burden of taxation. Discounting the value of property claimed to be used solely for educational, religious, or charitable purposes, there is yet, in these fifty-two cities the amazing total of $641,408,000 of private property which earns a profit for its owners but still pays no taxes.

How can this astounding situation exist? It will be illuminating to focus attention on one single instance of special privilege and see.

The State which boasts the largest concentration camp — Jersey City — in the country can also claim to have within her borders the largest and most persistent cancer in our history — a vast corporation which has been tax-free for 149 years. Bearing the euphonious and pompous title of The Society for the Establishment of Useful Manufactures (generally shortened to SUM), it had a romantic beginning, having been founded shortly after the close of the Revolution by no less a man than Alexander Hamilton.

Congress, which for some time had pondered ways and means of aiding the infant nation, in 1790 passed a resolution directing Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, to report on the means which might be taken to promote manufacturing industries in this country.

Bent on a personal survey, the Secretary in a few months stood at the crest of the Passaic Falls, in New Jersey, the largest natural fall of water in the United States east of Niagara. The legend has it that Hamilton's face glowed with a great inner vision at the sight. He believed that he had come upon the future industrial center of America and so informed Congress:

> It may be announced that a society is forming with a capital of . . . at least a half-million dollars, on behalf of which measures are already in train for prosecuting, on a large scale, the making and printing of cotton goods.

But somehow the greatest Secretary of the Treasury failed to disclose one important fact — namely, that he himself was the moving spirit behind the Society, the parent of the aforementioned Society for the Establishment of Useful Manufactures. The secret of its mounting prosperity can be found in the extraordinary privileges with which he invested it.

Its promoters, taking a cue from him, gobbled up all the acreage surrounding the Falls and even took title to the bed of the Passaic River. The charter, granted by the State Legislature, handed virtually complete control over the rivers of northern New Jersey to them; it allowed them to conduct lotteries to raise money and, most important of all, gave the Society an unheard-of gift of perpetual tax exemption. As a further token of good will, the Legislature lent the Society ten thousand dollars of State funds, which loan, parenthetically, was finally paid back in the form of some cemetery lots valued at five hundred dollars in the aggregate! No wonder New Jersey textbooks speak of the deal as "the worst in history."

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But don't blame it wholly on the gullibility of the early legislators. Mr. Hamilton sold them something in the name of patriotism. He produced a lengthy and enthusiastic prospectus, which read in part:

> The establishment of manufactures in the United States . . . will be found of the highest importance to their prosperity. It seems an almost self-evident proposition, that communities which can almost completely supply their own wants, are in a state of the highest political perfection. . . . But there are reasons which strongly recommend the State of New Jersey for the purpose. It is thickly populated — provisions are there abundant and cheap. . . . Its situation seems to insure a constant friendly disposition.

The promoters agreed heartily and at once hired Major Pierre L'Enfant, designer of the City of Washington, to map out plans for huge factories and a great city. But in short order — as often happens with practical men of affairs — they fired the gifted Major. His ideas seemed too grandiose and too expensive to them.

Peter Colt, hard-headed ancestor of the shooting-iron family, took his place. He did not allow the natural beauty of the Falls to deter him from building watercourses, dams, and raceways.

A Nice Little Bit of Real Estate

For about three years the Society dabbled in manufacturing, making no attempt, however, to produce the myriad articles promised, such as paper, diapers, shoes, thread, carpets, blankets, wire, and so forth — items which were then imported from abroad and the cheap domestic availability of which had been held out as a goal of the SUM.

By the end of 1795, the Society, crippled by the defalcations of its patriotic promoters, was ready to fold up. Of some $500,000 subscribed by the public, about $294,000 had been wasted or stolen by officials of the company.

The stockholders actually met for the purpose of dissolving it. But the Colts, who had acquired a controlling interest, persuaded them to reconsider on the ground that, though the Society was to all intents and purposes defunct, a charter which granted extraordinary rights and privileges in perpetuity was not to be lightly handed up.

So the Society held grimly to its precious piece of paper, for many years, indeed, doing nothing else. It did not even hold meetings, as all corporations are by law required to do. Suffice it to say that, from 1796 to this day the Society has done none of the things for which it was chartered but has engaged mainly in the real-estate business.

Thus the corporation which started out with the grandiose purpose of industrializing America and wangled an extraordinary tax-free charter on the strength of it has become a mere landlord. Far from encouraging manufactures, it has assumed the character of an octopus, preying on the industries and the residents of a whole State.

On one occasion, the City of Paterson had to pay it $1,000,000 in order to draw a limited number of gallons of water from the Passaic river daily. For diverting water from a tiny stream, Newark was required to pay $35,000; while Jersey City handed over $250,000 for the privilege of using the water of another river. Not one of these and other cities has dared to use the natural waters of the State without asking permission and paying a price.

The people, in fact, have no means of knowing when they will be billed.

In 1924, a public water-supply commission constructed a dam on the faraway Wanaque River for the purpose of insuring purer water. In a few months the Society suddenly presented a claim for large damages. The theory was that, since the Wanaque River flowed into the Pompton River, which in turn emptied into the Passaic, the water belonged to the Society at the source. This, of course, would take in water on mountainsides and possibly even in the clouds, but the claim was compromised for $225,000, paid out of the pockets of hard-pressed taxpayers.

The Society magnanimously granted, in return, the right of the public to better water, "in so far as the Society had any right or title to make such grant." In other words, the company, not being clear itself on the extent of its vested interests, was nevertheless exacting tribute from all who dared question its predatory grip.

One need hardly wonder, then, that it has declared dividends of 120 per cent and more. Perpetually tax-free, claiming title to the rivers of a wealthy commonwealth, it annually pours a golden return into the coffers of J. P. Morgan & Co., the George F. Baker estate, and the First National Bank of New York City, who now own the stock.

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Naturally, the Society forms a burning issue in New Jersey.

It owns some four million dollars' worth of real estate (exactly how much no one knows for sure), enjoys police and fire protection and all the benefits of a modern community, yet contributes absolutely nothing to their support. Moreover, it acts as a holding company for another concern controlled by the same interests, thereby robbing the State of more taxes. Many of the older mills of the Society are so dilapidated as to be a menace to life and limb, yet these properties find ready tenants because the rental is cheap. The SUM is a thorn in the side of other millowners who, having to pay taxes, must charge more rent.

Legal Futility

THE SOCIETY is thus a cancer in the body of the people.

But how eradicate it? For more than a century attempts have been made.

The most important obstacle was for long believed to be the celebrated "Dartmouth College" case, decided by the U. S. Supreme Court in 1819. That decision, it will be recalled, holds that a charter is a contract which may not be altered by a State.

In 1916, however, a noteworthy victory was scored by the people. The State compelled the Society to contribute to the support of the public schools.

Then legal students unearthed the "Charles River Bridge" case, wherein Chief Justice Taney had observed, in 1837, that special franchises which are granted in order that they may be exercised for the public benefit carry with them the implied condition that they may be lost by a misuser or nonuser.

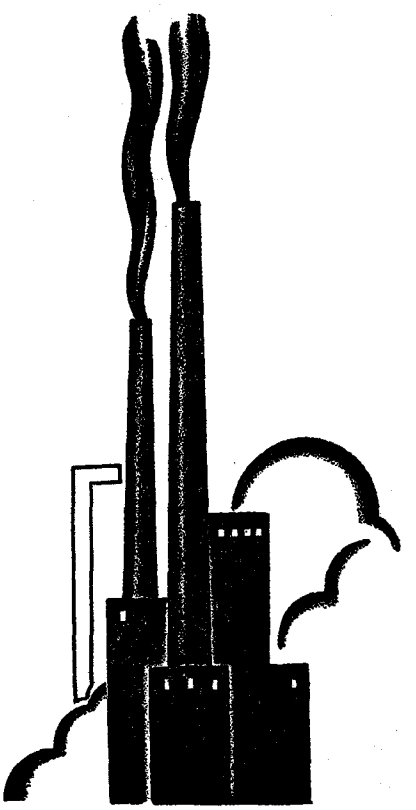
With this decision as his weapon in 1933, Charles H. Roemer, a former City Attorney of Paterson, stirred the authorities to action. He proposed to invoke the ancient writ of *Quo Warranto* to test the right of this private corporation to continue to enjoy its special privileges. Proclaiming that "one hundred and fifty years of special privilege are enough," Roemer appealed to the State Supreme Court for relief. He urged the repeal of the charter or, at least, the tax-exempt provision, for the reason that the company itself had violated its terms. Therefore, the State, as an offended party, would be merely putting into effect a fundamental rule of the law of contracts, as expounded by Chief Justice Taney of the U. S. Supreme Court.

The Society responded that in renting out mill space it was engaged in such a peculiar public service as to entitle it to remain tax-exempt.

Whereupon Roemer played his trump card. He served notice that he would demand a jury to pass on the simple question of fact, namely, whether the company was violating its own charter.

The Society for the first time in 145 years got nervous. Whereas for generations its interests had been ably served by the aristocratic law firm of Lindabury, Depue and Faulks, a new attorney suddenly appeared in its behalf. He was John Milton, close henchman of Boss Frank Hague and described by an ex-judge as "Hague's bagman."

Milton suavely proposed that the venue of the trial be placed in some remote county, a request seldom granted.



The decision lay with Justice Harry Heher, ex-chairman of Hague's State machine.

Without waiting for a ruling, Roemer tactfully shelved his best weapon—for a more propitious time.

In October, 1936, Roemer brought the entire matter before the State Supreme Court.

The Chief Justice of the court is Thomas J. Brogan, formerly Hague's personal attorney, who had saved the political boss from a jail sentence during a legislative inquiry into his phenomenal income. He allowed Roemer a half-hour to present his argument, but so merciless was the badgering from the august bench that at the end of that

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time Roemer had not been able to give a coherent and connected account of the case. John Milton and his aide were allowed a full hour to present the Society's side.

The decision, of course, favored the Society. Roemer had asked only that the perpetual-tax-exemption privilege, granted on unfulfilled representations, be abolished. The Court brushed this aside and, in effect, agreed with the Society that in acting as a landlord and servicing its tenants it was thereby engaged in such a unique enterprise as had induced the early legislature to bargain away a sovereign right. It disregarded completely the preamble of the act granting the charter:

> Whereas it is represented to this Legislature that a subscription has been made, for the purpose of introducing and establishing manufactures . . . and whereas the aid of the Legislature has been requested . . . and whereas it appears . . . that the granting of such aid will be conducive to the public interest. . . .

The court, with a final ironical touch, scolded the people for making an attack "against the right of the Society to further enjoy the fruits of its irrepealable contract."

Roemer then carried the battle to the highest tribunal in the State, the Court of Errors and Appeals.

Recently it handed down its decision, agreeing with the Supreme Court.

All the judges of the Supreme Court are likewise judges of the higher court, thus confirming the indictment of the cobbler in "Pickwick Papers":

> I appealed; the case come on before three or four very sleepy gentlemen, who had heard it all before in the other Court . . . the only difference being that, there, they're called doctors, and in the other place delegates, if you can understand that; and they very dutifully confirmed the decision of the old gentlemen below.

Could the extraordinary Society be haled before the United States Supreme Court, there is reason to believe that its perpetual tax exemption would be ended. But, unfortunately, the people of New Jersey have no further legal appeal, though the Society, singularly, had it lost, could have appealed.

Meanwhile, Alexander's immortal brain child goes serenely on, enjoying all the benefits conferred by an orderly commonwealth but spurning a share of the onerous burdens.

Hymn in Time of Peril

Lord, though in blindness,
Upward we strove,
Building on kindness,
Building on love.

Faltering, blundering,
Higher we scaled,
Braving a thundering
Doom when we failed.

Now in the darkness
Where shall we wend,
Fleeing the starkness
Of things without end?

Lord, turn our bleeding
Feet toward the day;
Break our misleading
Idols of clay.

Lord, while Thy burning
Vision we see,
Grant us the yearning
And will to be free.

Elias Lieberman

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The News Abroad

A Ministry of Information

by **VERNON BARTLETT**

TO THE MYTHICAL MAN in the moon, the political map of our world would look like nothing so much as the sort of pattern of overlapping circles drawn by any child with a compass and a piece of paper.

Einkreisung, "encirclement," is fast replacing *Lebensraum*, "living room," as the most popular word in the vocabulary of official German propagandists. The desire to convince the German people that England does not want to "encircle" them is the incentive behind every conciliatory reference to Germany in a British speech. The Germans are worried by the British-French-Turkish-Rumanian-Polish circle. The French are worried by the German-Italian-Spanish circle. The Russians are worried by the Japanese-Italian-German circle. The Baltic States are surrounded by potential enemies who desire to thrust their friendship and protection on them. The whole darned world is encircled by fear.

The most important job in the world today is to convince the German people that the most dangerous and unpleasant circle of all is the one which their own government is building round them, with its autarchic foundation to keep inside every pfennig that can be made available for armaments and its high walls of suspicion to encourage them to use those arms when Hitler decides the moment has come.

The Führer lost dangerously in prestige inside as well as outside Germany when, contrary to all his pledges, he annexed Bohemia and Moravia. He must have learned that moral issues should at any rate be used to cover political acts — a discovery which the British imperialists of the last century found invaluable — that it was not enough merely to devote a large and boring section of his speeches to excuse and explain the annexation. Therefore one may expect every political adventure during the next few months to be accompanied by great efforts to show that Germany is not responsible for it.

Thus pinpricks in Danzig may finally goad the Poles into some action which will enable Dr. Goebbels to convince many people in his own country and some people outside it that Poland is a bloodthirsty and brutal aggressor.

The Hungarians, who are now very tightly bound to the "axis," and the Bulgarians, who are left friendless and forlorn, may be induced to attack Rumania in order to free their minorities (and, incidentally, to give Germany her much needed oil).

The Italians may be encouraged to attack either Egypt or Tunisia; and in that case the Russians could justifiably argue that they had no obligation towards the western European powers, since the British themselves, in their negotiations for an Anglo-Soviet pact, have been so anxious to limit it to Europe.

The Spaniards could attempt to win back the Spanish territory of Gibraltar.

And, if in all these cases there happened to be a large number of blond "volunteers" whose native language was German, that of course would be unfortunate, but it would not justify a new world war.

II

THE BRITISH DECISION to set up a department of information in peacetime is in most ways a welcome, if belated, attempt to check this sort of propaganda, but even now one doubts whether the Government realizes how much can be done and should be done toward preventing war and not merely toward winning it when it has broken out.

At a time when money is being spent so fast that noughts have no meaning, every conceivable effort should be made to destroy the "encirclement" myth. Admittedly it is not easy — one cannot for example drop millions of leaflets from airplanes over the territory of a government with which one maintains friendly relations. But England has not recognized the annexation of Czechoslovakia, and the Czechs are thirsty for news bulletins in their own language. Far more bulletins in German might be broadcast (and broadcast by Englishmen rather than by Germans, who, all too easily,

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can be discredited by Dr. Goebbels as renegades).

The average tourist who visits Germany does, it is true, take in a certain amount of foreign exchange that may be turned into guns, possibly later to be used against the tourist, but also he is a humble ambassador whose tolerant and friendly views must help to destroy this myth that the British people or even the British Government have any quarrel with the people of Germany. Therefore he should be encouraged.

And, while we are talking of spending money, how much more England might do in the direction of peace through other countries than Germany alone. Those governments that look to England for credits are far more often treated as poor relations than as potential allies.

A few days ago I was shown a beautifully bound volume on the struggle against disease, issued by a great firm of German chemical manufacturers and beautifully illustrated with old engravings. This volume, I understand, has been sent to practically every chemist in the Balkan states, and in each case on the title page there is a little printed dedication with the chemist's own name. What small-town chemist could fail to be flattered by such a token?

It is not perhaps necessary for the British to develop propaganda on the same scale but it is necessary for them fundamentally to alter their attitude toward the smaller nations, not one of whom can now — so have the values changed — be treated with contempt.

For that reason one welcomes a department of information, although one wonders whether the best methods have been adopted in bringing it into existence.

The value of such propaganda as the British Government has encouraged in the past has lain in its lack of exaggeration. And now, inevitably, every word that is telegraphed, telephoned, or cabled from London will start with something of the same handicap as words from the totalitarian states.

Had the Government been wise, it would long ago have faced up to the fact that England is engaged in a war with the totalitarian states. It would, in consequence, have quietly developed every possible means of influencing public opinion, in Germany, Italy, and the neutral states, in England's favor.

It already has at the Foreign Office a very able but very under-staffed news department and it should long ago have increased the number and the prerogatives of the officials who work there.

It also has an official British wireless news service, which goes all over the world and which is of value just because it is admittedly official and avoids anything in the nature of expressions of opinion. If there were ten instead of two officials to run that service, it might have been possible to expand it so that certain zones received only messages likely to interest them. There are in London scores upon scores of foreign correspondents who in some cases are also the channels through which news telegraphed from all over Europe reaches newspapers in far distant countries, and it should have been possible to turn every one of these correspondents into a propaganda agent in the best sense of the words by cutting down transmission costs to a minimum and by giving every possible facility for the covering of news.

All this could have been done without any talk about a ministry of information and thus without giving any opportunity for Dr. Goebbels to convince his spoon-fed public that every word from Great Britain is another bullet fired in the great encirclement battle.

In the last resort, since nature abhors a vacuum, it will be difficult to destroy the "encirclement" obsession unless England has something to put in its place. While she must convince the German people that the "encirclement" is of their government's making and that she is prepared for any sacrifice in order to prevent a forcible destruction of her own institutions and ideals, she must also convince them that she has a better alternative to offer them.

The new ministry of information would deserve well of mankind if it could draw up, before war begins, the sort of peace terms that peace-loving nations would wish to see drafted if war took place. It should be made clear that England does not fear war but that she would make concessions for peace; and nobody should be able to confuse the British lion with a dog in the manger.

It is not enough to convince the German people that further acts of aggression will involve them in war and defeat. One would like the new department of information to convince Germany that only peace is profitable.

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The Forum Quiz

This Quiz is designed especially for FORUM readers — to please them but not to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person. They cover both the light and the serious aspects of politics, science, sports, business, and the arts. Counting 2½ points for each correct answer, a Smith College graduate scored 77½. A young business executive scored 70. Answers on p. IX of advertising section.

1. When your precocious 5-year-old son, Agamemnon, inquires, "Pop, just what kind of painting is gouache?" you would very confidently reply:
(*a*) "*Agamemnon, my boy, it's much like water color except that the colors are opaque.*"
(*b*) "*The colors are worked into the wet plaster.*"
(*c*) "*Well, Junior, when the painter is done, his work resembles a fine mosaic.*"
(*d*) "*It is the grandpappy of surrealism.*"

2. Which one of these American works of art is coupled with the wrong author?
(*a*) The Devil and Daniel Webster — *Stephen Benét*
(*b*) Grapes of Wrath — *John Steinbeck*
(*c*) Northwest Passage — *C. S. Forester*
(*d*) All This, and Heaven Too — *Rachel Field*

3. One of the best and most beloved tap dancers on the American stage is a 61-year-old Negro with the aptly poetic name of:
(*a*) *Bubbles* (*b*) *Bojangles*
(*c*) *Snitchie Britches* (*d*) *Tickle Toes*

4. Yes, it is just 100 years ago (1839) that Abner Doubleday marked out some lines with his cane on a Cooperstown, New York, playing field and thus began the great American game of:
(*a*) *lacrosse* (*b*) *tennis* (*c*) *football* (*d*) *baseball*

5. He is a tall, lean man with a hawklike face, a hard-fisted realist in the international game of power politics. As Minister of Foreign Affairs, he guides Poland's policies in a stormy time. His name is:
(*a*) *Gen. Edward Smigly-Rydz* (*b*) *Col. Josef Beck*
(*c*) *Marshal Pilsudski* (*d*) *Ignace Moscicki*

6. The first films were news events, imitations of stage plays. Then a ham actor came along and laid down, as a film producer, the whole basis of modern film technique, adapting his narratives to the unique talents of the camera. He is:
(*a*) *Charles Chaplin* (*b*) *Mack Sennett*
(*c*) *D. W. Griffith* (*d*) *Cecil B. DeMille*

7. When a man, to use the Shakespearean phrase, is "hoist by his own petar," it means that he is:
(*a*) *given the bum's rush* (*b*) *highly embarrassed*
(*c*) *caught by the seat of his pants*
(*d*) *destroyed by his own trap*

8. Most people loftily dismiss Adolf Hitler as a "former housepainter," without realizing that he has shown considerable skill as a:
(*a*) *sculptor* (*b*) *water colorist*
(*c*) *etcher* (*d*) *muralist*

9. In the event of another world war, the fact that only __ per cent of American foreign trade is carried in our own ships would be a real handicap:
(*a*) 10 (*b*) 30 (*c*) 50 (*d*) 70

10. According to modern psychology, the best remedial step a henpecked husband can take is to:
(*a*) *make it seem a generous gesture for her to stop*
(*b*) *leave town* (*c*) *threaten to eat rat poison*
(*d*) *pretend interest in another woman*
(*e*) *tell her firmly that if she does not stop it he will walk out*

11. One and only one of these statements is true:
(*a*) *More Americans marry in September than June*
(*b*) *more people are married, proportionally, than a generation or two ago.*
(*c*) *U. S. has highest divorce rate in the world*

12. And only one of these statements is false:
(*a*) *There are icebergs in the Antarctic.*
(*b*) *People weigh about the same at the Equator as at the North and South Poles.*
(*c*) *There is practically no animal life north of the Arctic Circle.*

13. Before Hitler came to power there were about __ Jewish people in Germany:
(*a*) 500,000 (*b*) 1,000,000 (*c*) 5,000,000

14. "I say, you old bloater," says our cross-eyed English cousin, "I'm doing one of your confounded American quizzes, and blast me if I can remember who Beowulf was." "That's easy," you reply. He was:
(*a*) *the dragon Lancelot fought to win Elaine*
(*b*) *an Anglo-Saxon hero who slew a monster and his ma — a depressing old biddy who lived in a swamp*
(*c*) *Isolde's faithful guard in the Wagner opera*
(*d*) *the harassed king whom the epic hero rescued from the monster*

15. If you've never read this delightful short classic, it's high time to begin. It starts out:

They order, said I, this matter better in France — You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world. — Strange! quoth I debating the matter with myself, That one and twenty miles sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais. . . .

(*a*) *Candide, by Voltaire*
(*b*) *Penguin Island, by Anatole France*
(*c*) *A Sentimental Journey, by Laurence Sterne*

16. Offer any foreign-trade expert a cigar, and he will tell you that the country which buys the most goods from Uncle Sam happens to be:
(*a*) *the United Kingdom* (*b*) *Brazil*
(*c*) *Japan* (*d*) *Mexico*

17. Viewing the fine paintings on display at the two world's fairs, it is easy to see that the Dutch painters derived most of their inspiration from:
(*a*) *everyday life* (*b*) *religion* (*c*) *mythology*

18. No, Ralph Guldahl did not win the national open golf championship for the third time. The winner

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this summer was a top-flight young golfer named:
(*a*) *Willie Turnesa* (*b*) *Byron Nelson*
(*c*) *Sam Snead* (*d*) *Dick Chapman*

19. A young man, suffering as we all do at some time from unrequited love, wrote his sweetheart as follows. Of what grammatical sin was he guilty?

Indeed, ma'am, merely thinking about you is like riding on a spiritual roller-coaster, but you never reply to my letters. If you do not answer this tenth and last one, I shall have to break off correspondence with you.

(*a*) *Irish bull* (*b*) *dangling infinitive*
(*c*) *misplaced modifier* (*d*) *cacophony*

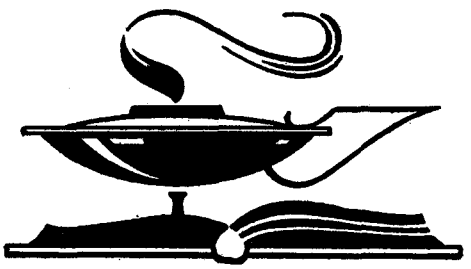
20. Lurking here among the true sentences is one skulking untruth. Please pick it out:
(*a*) *Mississippi is the world's largest river.*
(*b*) *Michigan has the longest coastline of any State.*
(*c*) *The U. S. has half the world's telephones.*

21. Don't be too hasty about selecting the author of these dramatic lines from *The Conqueror Worm:*

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

(*a*) *S. T. Coleridge* (*b*) *John Donne*
(*c*) *Robert Frost* (*d*) *Edgar Allan Poe*

22. Practically everyone knows that a curvet is:
(*a*) *a surgeon's instrument*
(*b*) *a French dish*
(*c*) *the leap of a horse*
(*d*) *an Indian tool*



23. One of these organizations growing out of the war once aimed to spread its ideology throughout the world:
(*a*) *the Ogpu* (*b*) *Comintern* (*c*) *Fascist Falanx*
(*d*) *Knights of the White Camellia* (*e*) *T.A.C.*

24. Granted there are lots of other good ways to spend money, the Rockefeller Foundation prefers to invest its dollars in:
(*a*) *promoting peace* (*b*) *education* (*c*) *charity*
(*d*) *medical research* (*e*) *religious education*

25. If agile Bobby Riggs were to meet pretty Sarah Palfrey Fabyan at the San Francisco fair, Bobby might very likely say, his voice heavy with emotion:
(*a*) "*Let's fall in love again.*"
(*b*) "*Sarah, my tennis is getting better.*"
(*c*) "*I wish I could swim like you, toots.*"

26. Years ago the football championship of the "big three" used to mean the national championship. The title is still not to be sneezed at and includes:
(*a*) *Dartmouth, Harvard, and Yale*
(*b*) *Princeton, Yale, and Harvard*
(*c*) *Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania*

27. Do you know which planet is closest to the earth?
(*a*) *Mars* (*b*) *Jupiter* (*c*) *Saturn* (*d*) *Venus*

28. Or which one of these is the simplest form of animal life?
(*a*) *reticule* (*b*) *proton* (*c*) *electron* (*d*) *amoeba*

29. When you begin to fly your own plane, your tachometer will show you:
(*a*) *the altitude* (*b*) *wind drift* (*c*) *true north*
(*d*) *how fast the propeller is turning*

30. And now both the Jews and the Arabs in Palestine are irked because the British propose to:
(*a*) *limit the Jewish population to one third*
(*b*) *establish separate Jewish and Arab governments*
(*c*) *recognize the land claims of Iraq*

31. Come to think of it, most of our American rivers flow toward the:
(*a*) *north* (*b*) *south* (*c*) *east* (*d*) *west*

32. Baseball Pitcher Carl Hubbell throws his well-known "Screwball," but what was the famous pitch Christy Mathewson threw?
(*a*) *the spitball* (*b*) *the fadeaway*
(*c*) *the roundhouse* (*d*) *the fireball*

33. Malvina Hoffman? Anyone knows that she is a:
(*a*) *dancer* (*b*) *painter* (*c*) *sculptress* (*d*) *singer*

34. Grandma, a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, puts down her highball glass and remarks, "F. D. R. is indeed my *bête noire.*" Very suitably, you'd reply:
(*a*) "*I don't like him either, Grandma.*"
(*b*) "*Yes, he's a real hero.*"
(*c*) "*Grandma, how long have you used roulette terms?*"

35. Tom Pendergast was once the political boss of:
(*a*) *Kansas City* (*b*) *Detroit* (*c*) *Cleveland* (*d*) *Boston*

36. Lately Hitler's stooge press has been referring to him as *Reichsmehrer*, which means:
(*a*) *statesman-soldier* (*b*) *father* (*c*) *the thunderer*
(*d*) *empire maker or augmenter* (*e*) *the big cheese*

37. A new cure for pneumonia discovered recently is:
(*a*) *soybean oil* (*b*) *sulfapyridine* (*c*) *nicotinic acid*

38. You've seen "Ye Olde Tea Shoppe" but do you know how the "Ye" was originally pronounced?
(*a*) *yee* (*b*) *yeh* (*c*) *the*

39. Which one of these statements is true?
(*a*) *Cromwell and Beethoven were friends.*
(*b*) *Copernicus was a Greek.*
(*c*) *The Schick test is for diphtheria.*

40. And which one of these statements is false?
(*a*) *A male deer loses his antlers every year.*
(*b*) *A man from "down under" is from Australia.*
(*c*) *Bachelors have less chance of dying than married men.*

(*Compiled and edited by* Jo Hubbard Chamberlin)

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Roads to Peace

A Debate on the International-Police Proposal

Twenty-eight years ago a very small group of comparatively unknown men in New York formed themselves into an association which we called the World Federation League. At our instigation two resolutions were introduced into Congress, calling on the President of the United States to call a conference for world federation, an international police, and the limitation of armaments.

Our little group went to Washington to appear in behalf of this bill before a hearing of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The addresses that we made at that time can be found in the pamphlet, "International Federation for the Maintenance of Peace," published by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, May 7, 1910.

As a result of that hearing the Committee took the best ideas from the two resolutions and embodied them in a bill under Congressman Bennett's name. This was reported back favorably to the House, which passed it unanimously on June 10. On June 24 the Senate unanimously concurred. The bill was thereupon signed by President Taft and became law.

Its full text is as follows:

Resolved, etc.: That a Commission of five members be appointed by the President of the United States to consider the expediency of utilizing existing international agencies for the purpose of limiting the armaments of the nations of the world by international agreement, and of constituting the combined navies of the world an international force for the preservation of universal peace, and to consider and report upon any other means to diminish the expenditures of government for military purposes and to lessen the probabilities of war.

Provided, that the total expenses authorized by the joint resolution shall not exceed the sum of $10,000 and that the Commission shall be required to make its final report within two years from the date of the passage of this resolution.

Mr. Taft sounded out some of the foreign governments to see if they would co-operate in appointing similar commissions. He never appointed the Commission, however, and, when I asked him later why he did not do so, he told me that Elihu Root told him to "go slow."

Thus for the first time in the annals of history the official representatives of a great people unanimously recognized and declared that the true philosophy of world peace required a world federation backed by international police. It is evident that, if the resolution had resulted in the realization of its purposes, Taft would have done on a world scale something similar to what George Washington did on a continental scale. Only the other day President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, Nobel Peace Laureate, said that the Bennett bill as unanimously passed by the Senate and House was "the most outstanding act of vision in American history."

But the principles enunciated in that bill apply with even greater force today than they did twenty-eight years ago. Since then we have educated the world through the League of Nations up to some measure of federation. What happened in the last war has certainly taught the human race something. To avoid what will happen in the next war is now the greatest moral, economic and political problem confronting the world.

"Where there is no vision the people perish."

HAMILTON HOLT

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I—Inescapable Alternative to War

by **SARAH WAMBAUGH**

An international police force is not a new idea. It has been discussed for centuries. When it was proposed by France at the Versailles peace conference, the idea seemed too remote to consider. Today the urgent need for such a force has compelled more intensive thought on how it should be organized, if international conditions ever be such as to favor its establishment.

Under the New Commonwealth Society, founded in 1932, a committee of military experts from many European countries has been working for several years on the technical problems involved in an international army and air force for Europe, to be placed under the League of Nations.

The most novel of their recommendations is that the force should not be composed of national contingents but should be recruited individually, no more than a certain percentage to be allowed to join from any one country. Although in the Saar plebiscite the League international force was composed of units of the regular armies of Great Britain, Italy, the Netherlands, and Sweden and yet worked admirably and without friction, we can recall too well that in war the system of national contingents leads to disputes over such questions as command, disposition of troops, and the like. Then, too, with individual recruitment it would be far easier to instill into the force loyalty to the League of Nations. As to the problem of languages, the experts point to the fact that there were some eight or nine in the imperial Austro-Hungarian army, yet, thanks to a common language of command, there was no difficulty. For the language of command of the international police force the British experts recommend Spanish as the easiest to master.

The first step, the experts tell us, must be an international air force. For the chief base they recommend Tunisia because it is most suitable strategically and, being a protectorate, could be easily transferred to the League. The pay, they say, should be generous, and the service should be looked on as a life career, with a proper pension at retirement. Each member of the force would take an oath of loyalty to the League of Nations, renouncing national allegiance while the service lasts — but with the reservation open to every recruit that, if his own country should be declared an aggressor, he would not be ordered to serve against it actively in person. The expenses of the force would be met by annual contributions from the member states, the assessment being on the same percentage basis as are the membership dues of the member nations to the League as now constituted.

The international force would be under a general staff appointed by the League of Nations and under its direction. The force would be used only after all avenues of peaceful settlement had been exhausted and economic sanctions had proven ineffective. The force itself, of course, would not render judgment, but would be employed to compel the aggressor — or both parties, if need be — to bring the dispute to court and to carry out the sentence there given. The function of the force would be not vengeance but the prevention of vengeance, not conquest but the prevention of conquest. It is the system which the political genius of mankind has evolved for the maintenance of order within the nation. There is no other system available for the maintenance of order between nations.

International good will must be cultivated.

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Conferences around a table must continue. But if society is to prevent conquest and achieve disarmament it must have some means of forcing a recalcitrant nation to submit to peaceful procedure.

William Penn provided that if any State should refuse to submit its disputes to his league—or diet, as he called it—then the other members "shall compel the submission and performance of the sentence." Penn was right.

Only so can the world reduce international anarchy to order and peace.

Last month THE FORUM presented a debate on Clarence K. Streit's proposal for "Union Now" as the best of all roads to peace. The Editors believe that discussion of methods of preventing war will continue despite the apparent hopelessness of all such schemes and that the ideas of, for example, Mr. Streit and Miss Wambaugh are therefore worthy of the attention of intelligent readers.

II—Persistent, Pathetic Illusions

by **NATHANIEL PEFFER**

To include the word "international" in the statement of any proposition in 1939 is to put a question that can be discussed only as an intellectual exercise. Intellectual exercises are interesting but of no practical utility. In no combination of words can the connotation of "international" be more fanciful than in the phrase, "international police."

Perhaps I should not have qualified by saying "in 1939." For the truth of the postwar generation and its failure is that 1939 is only a projection of 1919 and before.

Throughout these last twenty years all that went by the name international, up to and including the League of Nations, lay in a world adjacent to but at no point touching the real world. The so-called peace system was at once a vicious fraud and a fine illusion: on the part of those who exercised real power, a fraud; on the part of numerous individuals idealistically striving for a better order, a fine if pathetic illusion. The fallacy lay in confusing the two, in assuming that those who conceived the purposes of the new order had any influence or control over events or those who dictated events.

So the League system went on, loyally served by the idealistic, while those who ran the world conducted politics on the precepts of the generation before 1914. The great Powers were members of the League and gave it a kind of ceremonial lip service, but in or out of the League they acted not as members of an international association but as individual nations serving nationalistic power politics.

But, now that the debacle is being consummated and the tragic consequences are being gathered, is it not somewhat macabre to continue discussing such subjects as an inter-

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national police force? Or is it masochistic or just impenetrably innocent?

Suppose everything Miss Wambaugh says were irrefutable: what of it? What pertinence has her case to anything that exists in world politics? What basis is there for any such case, what applicability can it have, what relation to the political institutions of our time or the dominant political ideas? And what earthly bearing has the analogy of domestic political institutions and municipal law on international politics?

Domestic police can act efficiently as the arm of the law because there *is* law; because law has the sanction of society and is the expression of the customs and the system of values of the people that constitutes the state; because there is a state, which has the sanction of the people within it. Where is the analogy with a police force based on Tunis or Sulu and speaking Spanish or Finnish or Hindustani? Execute what law? On behalf of what body? On orders deriving from what center of authority? From a general staff in Geneva? Can one use these words seriously now? What is there left in Geneva in 1939 except the vestigial survivals of a secretariat, a lake, and heavy rainfall?

Suppose there had been such a police force in 1931, when the Japanese invaded Manchuria. Would it have acted? Could it have acted? On whose authority? Had the two or three great powers that dominated the League of Nations been willing to act to restrain Japan, they would not have needed a police force. Since they were not willing, a police force would have been superfluous.

The same is true of the Ethiopian case. A majority of the League's members was not only willing but eager to take concerted action against Italy. Nevertheless England and France, the dominant powers, vetoed this course, for reasons dictated by their own diplomatic interests, real or fancied.

And what would an international police force do now? At whose behest and against which power and to what end?

If questions such as that of an international police force can arise at all, it is only because of the persistence of the obsession with mechanisms, which by some mystic conception are expected to generate an international spirit and at the same time kill or exorcise the senses of nationalism, national political vested interests, national economic vested interests, and the clash of such interests. This is contrary to history, psychology, economics, and all human experience.

No international spirit is ever going to emerge full-sprung out of spontaneous resolve, it is true; and no doubt the international spirit must grow with the exercise of its functions, with practice in the operation of the institutions that express it. And methods and instrumentalities must be devised and improved with experience, by trial and error. The proficiency of the instrumentalities can and must increase simultaneously with the fortification of the spirit.

But, before it is worth thinking about devices and mechanisms and organization, there must be some sign of change of values, of intents, of desires. There must be concrete evidence of willingness to disestablish the egregious nationalism now at its fanatic climax, to recognize the jurisdiction of law overriding national acts and policies, and to recognize the jurisdiction of some international body over exclusive national sovereignty. There must be, moreover, an attempt, with some measure of success, to eliminate the present bases of national conflict, economically even more than politically.

No doubt this will come one day. No doubt the attempt will once again be made to institute an international society. Perhaps then the attempt will be more successful, especially if it can be kept unencumbered by the immature illusions which made the last attempt a mockery.

But much will have to come first. The last twenty years must be undone — or, at least, the last ten. The present phase must first play itself out.

Either there must first be another war, on the ruins of which the foundations of a new order are laid, or the fevers that now rack Europe and Asia must burn themselves out without war, and the nations, exhausted, turn in self-preservation to less anarchic methods of ordering their affairs, with such political and economic reconstruction as is indispensable to them.

Until then it is waste of words to talk of international police forces, world courts, and similar nostrums.

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Our Transpacific 'Axis'

by **SYDNEY G. WALTON**

I am persuaded that the greatest single contribution our two countries have been enabled to make to civilization and to the welfare of the peoples throughout the world is the example we have jointly set by our two nations. It is inherent because each nation is lacking in fear of the other that we have unfortified borders between us. It is because neither of us fears aggression on the part of the other that we have entered no race of armaments against each other.

SUCH WAS THE TOAST of President Franklin D. Roosevelt to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth of England at the White House state dinner last June 9, during the epoch-making visit of Their Britannic Majesties to the United States.

It bears reading several times, because not until then does the force of the words chosen become apparent, revealing:

1. The strength of the ties of friendship.
2. The indictment of military ties as a link between nations.
3. The emphasis on cultural understanding as the greatest factor in friendly relations between peoples.

By implication the President drew a sharp contrast between the peaceful and friendly bonds linking the great democracies of the world and the military alliance forged by grim necessity that binds the totalitarians.

With his full meaning in mind, let us turn to a map of the Pacific for a curious but highly pertinent discovery.

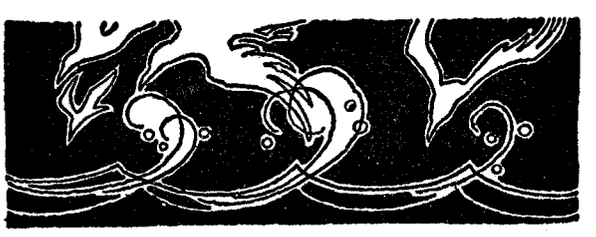
II

ANCHORED AT BOTH ENDS by continents, with islands for its links, a geographical chain extends for over six thousand miles north and south across the Pacific. Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Hawaii, and the United States — so runs the chain. Regarding California as the American mainland unit, white civilization throughout the chain has developed within a century and a half. And, right from the start, destiny seems to have been bent on epitomizing in this chain precisely what President Roosevelt wished to convey in his toast to the sovereigns of Britain.

Dutch and probably French and Spanish explorers discovered both Australia and New Zealand long before any Englishman happened that way. But, when colonies finally were established, they were English. And they have remained British throughout their growth from struggling settlements to their present status — the Commonwealth of Australia and the Dominion of New Zealand.

Fiji was discovered by Tasman of Holland but settled chiefly by British, about 1830. It took over thirty years of negotiations, including three offers to Britain and one to the United States, before the islands became a British colony.

Samoa was discovered by another Dutchman, Roggeveen; but first England, then the United States, and finally Germany established spheres of influence in this archipelago. Later Britain withdrew by agreement; America took Tutuila, on which Pago Pago is situated,



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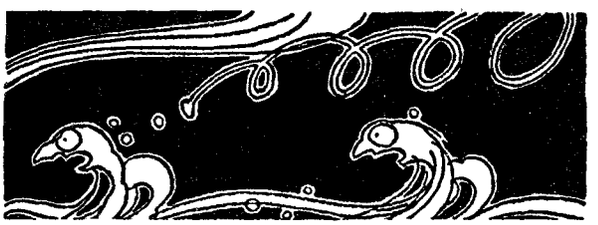
and several adjacent islands; and Germany took western Samoa. After the World War the German sphere became a mandate of New Zealand.

Hawaii remained an independent kingdom for more than a century after her discovery by Captain Cook. Two or three times her course veered, now toward this, now toward that great power. But in 1898 she became a territory of the United States.

California was originally Spanish, then Mexican; was entered by Russia, and covetously eyed by France; but logically ended up as part of the United States.

Thus it has come about, without any international maneuvering or preconcerted strategy



— in fact through pure historical coincidences — that every entity in this geographical chain, after a more or less devious course, has ended up either British or American in nationality.

A six-thousand-mile Anglo-Saxon "axis" from the north to the south Pacific! In its character and spirit, in the values for which it stands, it is the direct antithesis of that other axis which cuts through Europe. It perfectly epitomizes the ideology which can be read in and between the lines of the President's toast and looms as a barricade against any other ideology that might seek to force its way across the western seas.

The weight of its importance naturally resides in the relations between the major units of the chain — New Zealand and Australia at one extremity and the United States at the other.

The full significance of those relations cannot be appraised by the common ties of language and race alone. They mesh at too many other points.

Australians and New Zealanders are frontier stock, and so are we. They have built new empires, and so have we. They share our youth, our verve, our energy; in fiber and temperament, they resemble us much more closely than do even the English.

They are our good customers in an increasing volume of trade and our good neighbors in a growing exchange of travel — as we are theirs. Over the expanse of the Pacific, they face many of the same world problems; and, looking back, they can be seen sharing an interesting perspective in history. With no diplomacy to mold it and no alliances to weld it, they have developed a friendship which, for intimacy over a vast distance, has no parallel.

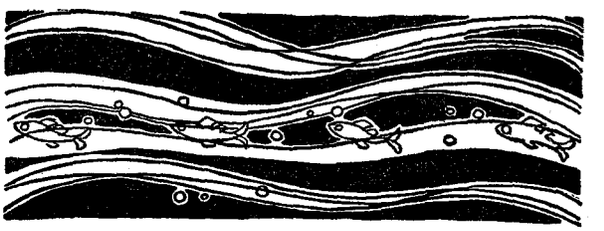
Closest and strongest ally of trade in building good will is travel. During the past decade, particularly, it has become a powerful factor in promoting friendly relations between these nations of the north and south Pacific.

Most of the overseas travel to and from New Zealand and Australia has always been between them and the British Isles. And most of that goes by way of the Indian Ocean and the Suez Canal, the remainder being divided among several other routes, including the one across the United States. Aside from this intra-empire travel, the greater part of the passenger traffic between the United States and the south Pacific ten years ago was for business, professional, or official purposes; only a small number of the passengers were tourists traveling solely for pleasure. This was by no means surprising, for nothing had ever been done systematically to develop tourist travel in this area.

But the substantial growth of travel between the mainland United States and Hawaii, which took place during the 1920's, pointed to the possibilities of extending tourist traffic farther south, while stimulating a similar flow northward.

It was recognized, however, that a prerequisite was faster and finer ships — in effect the seagoing luxury of the Atlantic transferred to the Pacific. For the modern tourist demands not just transportation to his destination but speed and comfort in getting there.

Such a service was established with new ships by the Matson Line eight years ago. It is interesting to note that the route chosen is



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marked by the ports along the Anglo-Saxon "axis"—San Francisco and Los Angeles in the United States; Honolulu in Hawaii; Pago Pago in Samoa; Suva in Fiji; Auckland, metropolis of New Zealand; and Sydney and Melbourne, chief capitals of Australia.

These ships reduced the running time between Australia and America by several days. They made a living artery of travel and trade along this chain of Anglo-Saxon nations and communities. And they brought into action on a constantly increasing scale the powerful factor of modern tourism to weave closer and closer international ties.

The story of this trend is told in definite figures.

The depression cut trade between the United States and the south Pacific down to about one fifth of normal, and, of course, business and miscellaneous travel declined almost as much. But, while commerce has climbed back only to about 50 per cent of normal, travel has come back practically all the way. In spite of the still lingering depression, there were as many Americans sailing to Australia in 1936 as there were in 1929, because of the extraordinary increase in number of tourists.

In the number of New Zealanders and Australians visiting this country, the increase is far greater. For, in addition to a comparable growth in tourist traffic, there has been a substantial diversion to this route of regular travel to and from England.

III

EVIDENCES of the American influence confront the visitor to these countries on every hand. They have adopted our five-and-ten-cent stores; our merchandising and advertising methods; our automobiles, electric appliances, and airplanes. There is an increasing exchange of scholarships and other educational activities; a wider distribution of American books and magazines; a more and more extensive use of our phonograph records, our broadcasting methods and transcribed programs. And nowhere in the world, not even in America, is the impress of Hollywood deeper or more perceptible in manners and modes than in Australia and New Zealand.

On the other hand, much of the liberal legislation and social reform of modern years in this country emanated originally from Australia and New Zealand. Those countries have sent us outstanding scientists, artists, and musicians. And their exports to us are an important item in our foreign trade.

Says Frederick Paul Keppl, in *Philanthropy and Learning*, speaking of British lands in the southern hemisphere:

> For those of us who believe in what, for want of a better term, is called the Anglo-Saxon tradition, these far distant lands have a significance to us beyond anything that can be measured by their present population, wealth or economic importance. This significance lies in an essential unity of the spirit, an agreement as to what things are really worth while in life. I have confidence that, as the years go on, this essential unity will assume real importance in world affairs.

The classic expression of the essential unity of which he speaks has been the long, unfortified border between the United States and Canada. But it is equally implicit and eloquent in the Anglo-Saxon axis across the Pacific. And there it is much nearer the center of important world affairs.

The sudden shifting of our Pacific fleet back to the western ocean last April was a dramatic reminder of that fact. It was a move for preparedness in any eventuality that might require defense of American interests centering in that axis — interests which, in any conceivable turn of events, are certain to be mutual with those of the British countries in the south Pacific.

The hectic debate here last winter over how far this country should extend her fortifications in the Pacific is still another related development.

A third is the growing sentiment for strengthening the American merchant marine on the Pacific. To protect American commercial interests; to develop markets for surplus products; to keep the nation self-sufficient in her economic life, regardless of the course of world events; and, finally, to provide a vital auxiliary for transport in case of war — these are being increasingly recognized as cogent reasons for expanding the merchant marine, a task which is already under way.

Meanwhile, commerce, travel, culture, science, sports, and general good neighborliness shuttle busily back and forth along this Anglo-Saxon axis, creating a bulwark of mutual interest and good will on which great issues may, some day, depend.

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Planning for Better Wars

by **HERBERT COGGINS**

Honore Daumier drawing *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

ONE OF THE DISCONCERTING THINGS about recent developments in Europe is the cold-blooded abandonment of war as an arbiter of national territorial differences. This is particularly disturbing when we remember how long we have depended on the army and navy to settle such matters.

The only way to account for the new attitude is the now common prejudice against the last war. In retrospect it was all either unpleasant or unsatisfactory. An extensive survey indicates that this feeling was not limited to the United States alone but was shared by all the participants. After it was over, the Allies frankly admitted they were sorry they had let us in on it. With characteristic regard for our feelings, they withheld their real sentiment until the enemy was out of hearing. But the feeling was sincere nevertheless, and for a while they would hardly speak to us, especially about money matters.

The general belief among the Allies was that, considering the time and attention it required, the war didn't yield enough in the way of constructive values. And even the Germans, after we had traveled three thousand miles and spent thirty billions to introduce them to our American democracy, were openly critical of the way we did it.

Such attitudes in themselves would not be serious if they did not affect war as a whole and tend to make it unpopular. As it is, it has always been difficult to get our better citizens, even though they give unstinted approval to our Revolutionary and Civil wars, to take an active part in any current conflict. And, if we continue our bungling, we may as well give up hope of ever attracting the better element, who alone can give war its proper position and background.

Getting away from the ideal to the practical side of the question, we must remember that war is our biggest industry. It is about the only one whose index curve shows no depressions, as we are always either fighting or preparing to fight. It makes work for millions and is the only industry which settles the unemployment problem as it goes along.

Above all else, war is particularly to be cherished during a "recession," as it has the makings of our greatest public-works project and, if properly directed, could aid in the work of crop and livestock control. It could take over the entire function of slum clearance for the nation; and, with more attention paid to property instead of devoting so much ammunition to men, in whom there is no negotiable investment, it would stimulate the building business. This was proved in France after the last war.

To do this it will first be necessary to develop a spirit of co-operative planning among the nations joining in a war. It would not be reasonable to expect us, for instance, to devote our time and artillery to increasing the build-

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ing business of an enemy country, unless she guaranteed to improve ours.

Every reliable survey bears out the belief that now is the time to lift war to its proper place in public esteem. Never before in our history has there been such a variety of conflicts within reach of nations of even moderate means.

To take full advantage of the situation in the face of the growing penny-pinching anti-war sentiment calls for action. Because of the present senseless demand to balance the budget, it might be inadvisable to launch an expensive new war along modern lines. But we could at least sponsor one of the conflicts already started and recondition it into a model of well-planned warfare which future generations would be able to mention without embarrassment.

Better Martial Manners

Wars in the past have been entirely too haphazard. Any thousand-dollar business today which operated in a manner as slipshod as an average hundred-billion-dollar war would be bankrupt in thirty days. Of course it is not possible here to give complete directions for running a war in a 100-per-cent businesslike way or to point out a short cut to a Utopian state of warfare. But we can at least suggest a few of the things which tend to make war unpopular.

First and foremost, nearly all wars have been badly timed. Seldom are the contestants notified promptly and simultaneously when the war is to start.

This alone spoils the event from a sporting angle and is as unethical as though only one or two entrants in a race were notified of the starting time — or as though a baseball umpire allowed the pitcher to start throwing strikes before the batter reached the plate. The argument that nations are always preparing for war and that they all get a pretty early start anyway is not a valid one and would not be tolerated in other kinds of contests. Then, too, if we hope to get outside backers for a war, they will have to know when it will begin. No one would bet on, much less invest in, a race horse which might start late.

It is unreasonable to expect the contestants to send out engraved announcements of war, although night clubs and weddings with a much smaller volume of business consider it the thing to do. Nor can we expect any of the niceties which precede even the most modest duel. But we ought to do everything possible to keep war from becoming rowdy.

The present tendency toward undeclared wars especially smacks of bad manners and a total lack of consideration for the other contestants. Even in the average vulgar street brawl the challengee is usually admonished to put up his dukes. While this lacks something of the polish customary in international diplomatic negotiations, it nevertheless betokens a spirit of fair play often lacking around the green table. Even the more advantageous fighting position has usually gone to the army that grabbed it first, instead of allowing the generals to flip a coin, as they should, and then change positions every month.

Equally bad, too, have been the locations of past wars.

In the late great war practically no thought was given to this matter. As a result, both France and Belgium, where it was held, resented the whole affair as an example of extremely poor taste, comparable to a badly timed surprise party. Even the most hospitable nations who have held wars at home have admitted afterward that they were exceedingly inconvenient.

In the United States we didn't fully appreciate the sentiment of other nations in this matter until France sent us the rent bill for the use of the trenches. Things like this lead to an unfriendly commercial feeling that is apt to spread. No doubt this is where our hotels got the idea of instituting rehabilitation charges after American Legion conventions.

If this is the treatment to be accorded visiting belligerents in the future, we naturally will want to hold as many wars as possible on our own grounds, for the sake of economy and convenience. The money saved in transportation alone would help keep a war going many months longer. And by the use of modern ditch-digging equipment, a thing apparently not thought of in the last war, the cost of trenches could be so reduced that with a modest cover charge for the enemy we could cut our own expense to practically nothing.

Ultimately, of course, the war grounds would have to be permanent. They should be centrally located and accessible to the masses. New

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York's Central Park suggests itself as an ideal place for urban fighting, while for more pretentious engagements we could use such national parks as Yosemite and Yellowstone.

Some critics might complain that there wouldn't be room for a first-class war in a city park, but we must remember that as soon as a war gets started it automatically makes room for itself. Spain has taught us that some very good conflicts can be held right in the midst of crowded cities, and we must not overlook our own modest efforts at Bunker Hill and Boston Common.

There is no reason why the smaller parks and even the larger children's playgrounds could not be borrowed for practice wars between States. By using children's playgrounds we could improve on Mussolini's farsighted idea of enrolling six-year-old children in the Italian army and in this way acquaint our young people with the first simple steps of warfare at an even earlier age.

The advantage of promoting interstate wars would soon be apparent, just as it is in the case of the minor baseball leagues. The war parks could be canvassed regularly by government scouts for new and likely fighters for the national army, who would be given a better chance for individual development and promotion.

The Well-Run War

As is the case with all idealistic projects, international war planning will provoke opposition, especially from those who advocate war as a character builder. If made too convenient, they claim, war will not present those obstacles which bring out and develop the best in human nature.

They overlook the fact that in planned war we can not only create any type of obstacle or struggle-producer desired but, by introducing psychological tests, we can pay more attention to the individual soldier and provide just that type of difficulty required to bring out the latent values in his nature. Highly charged and barbed wires, artificial swamps, poisoned water, mustard gas, and dumdum bullets can be produced on a large scale at a small per capita cost. By prewar feeding and culture, rats, germs, cooties, and a complete line of domestic and foreign vermin for the visiting army could be bred and propagated in a more than natural abundance. Modern scientific breeding can also produce new varieties, while such character-building influences as poison ivy, poison oak, and loco weed can be made to grow on the battlefields with little encouragement.

As we develop and improve war, it becomes apparent that the nations will have to form a League for Wars, with a high-salaried manager to make and enforce rules and handle details. Wars in the future will no longer be the personally competitive affairs they have been in the past. They will be contests between two or more co-operative teams or nations. When we remember that a comparatively small and serene institution like baseball has to have a czar to save it from chaos and overcommercialism, we can readily see that a superactivity such as war will require a similar authority to preserve its fair name.

Probably the first great function of the League will be to decide who is the winner. This is getting to be a difficult question, and we must immediately formulate some rules as to what constitutes a winner.

In the World War the matter was never satisfactorily settled. The first count gave the decision to the Allies, but the official decision based on later returns seems to favor the Central Powers. Some persons contend that America must have lost the war, since she paid the bill, which is usually the prerogative of the loser. Others insist that the mere ability to pay is in itself the test of a winner.

Unless we can work out some scheme for settling this difficulty, the masses will eventually lose their interest in war and turn their attention to such things as prize fights and Shriners' parades, where the destruction is more apparent and decisive.

It has even been suggested that we go to the prize ring for our solution and that battles be decided on points instead of on the total destruction or rout of the enemy. Thus a scale of points or credits might be instituted, beginning, say, with one for the liquidation of a common soldier, moving up to fifty for a captain, one hundred for a colonel and possibly five hundred for a commanding general. The scale for the destruction of property — guns, tanks, fortifications, etc. — should of course start higher and run into thousands.

Whether this type of scorekeeping works out

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satisfactorily or not, it is imperative that some kind of decision be reached without waiting for a conference. Otherwise a nation might stop fighting and pension off her soldiers under the mistaken impression that she had won — and not discover she had actually lost until too late to start over again.

The next thing to be regulated by the League for Wars is the unequal size of the armies. At present a war doesn't tell anything about the fighting abilities of a nation, one perhaps having more men in the field than the other. It is just as though Yale were allowed to put thirty-three men on the football field against Dartmouth's eleven and win the game just because she has a bigger enrollment. This inequality, more than anything else, has taken the spirit of camaraderie out of war. There is no denying that it takes less courage to fight on the side of a larger army. It is this lack of sportsmanship which may account for the meager enlistment totals of our better citizens.

This leads to another matter which should be settled at the outset, and that is the dire need of a personnel director to determine just what kind of men are to be allowed to participate in a war.

Heretofore little discrimination has been shown, and almost anyone has been permitted to get in. It is common knowledge that our army is largely made up of men who are willing to fight for thirty dollars a month and that these cheap men are even permitted to represent us at the front. Under such conditions it is understandable that our more cultivated citizens have shown so little interest in the army. Hardly a war goes by without the discovery that our ablest men — bankers, financiers, and industrialists — have been overlooked in the planless selection of soldiers, while at the same time cheaper men are allowed to crowd themselves right up to the front-line trenches. If there is one thing we should learn from football and industry, it is the need of not more but better men.

On the other hand, if we are to get better men, we must insist on an army of the open-shop type. It would never do to let the soldiers run the wars for us. Imagine the awkwardness of having a company of soldiers picket the general's tent during a critical stage of the battle to demand ten cents more an hour or overtime for fighting after supper. Picture an otherwise gallant and successful charge interrupted by a sit-down strike for more and better sanitary appliances in the soldiers' dressing rooms. From the very first, we must inculcate future soldiers with the ideal of a fair day's fighting for a fair day's pay.

Sensible Patriotism

One of the main functions of the League for Wars would be the building up of a machine for co-operation among the contending nations. Patriotism should, of course, play some part in war, but it should not be allowed to interfere with the broader aspects.

One of the first things that the director of the League must do is establish an international clearinghouse for the exchange of munitions and the necessaries of war. The World War was lamentably backward in this respect. In some instances supplies and munitions were so depleted that combatants temporarily had to stop fighting. The situation would have become very serious had it not been for the heroic efforts of the munitions makers, who at critical moments got the needed equipment indirectly from the enemy. True, it seemed an affectation to have to purchase magnetos for our tanks in a roundabout way through Switzerland, when they could have been delivered quicker directly across the lines. But it was preferable to going without and it set a better patriotic example than buying directly from the enemy at a time when "buying German" was frowned on. The Germans had the same unnecessary difficulty in buying our copper for their cartridges.

Of course the arrangements for an international supply of munitions will have to be handled diplomatically. Common soldiers who have been in the trenches are apt to become emotional, especially during the heat of battle, and they resent being shot by bullets made in their own country. A little explanation would convince them that this really represents a strategic victory over the enemy, since their countrymen — possibly their own relatives — got the wages for making the munitions, and their own manufacturers got the profits.

Whatever harsh words have been said of munitions makers, we must admit that their outlook is sincerely international and we could safely trust them to do everything that would promote the easy flow of supplies to all bel-

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ligerents, friend and foe alike. Munitions makers realize that the army which uses up its ammunition first is the most efficient, and unless it can get a constant supply it might lose a battle. In the more primitive days, when war was a barbarous institution, many battles ended merely because one of the combatants ran out of food or powder. This is as unfair as if the Yankees were declared losers of a ball game because their own Joe DiMaggio knocked their last ball over the fence when the score was only slightly against them.

One of the greatest obstacles to starting a war is often a lack of fortifications on one side or the other. Without some kind of defense it is almost impossible to get into a modern conflict — as absurd as trying to get into a polo game on foot.

We had an example of this during the last great war in the case of Holland. As a German officer so graphically stated, when asked why his army did not attack Holland, "Holland had no fortresses, and we could not attack an unfortified nation."

This truth is further exemplified in our own situation along the Canadian border, which for three thousand miles has been left unfortified. As a consequence, there hasn't been even a minor scrimmage along that border for a hundred years. The situation along the Mexican border is almost as bad, although we have tried to do something about it from time to time. However, there has been no stability to the affair, owing to the lack of Mexican fortifications and artillery.

The French and Germans, with their larger experience, understand this principle, as is shown by their construction of the Maginot and Limes lines. With similar fortifications along the Canadian and Mexican borders, we could reasonably guarantee some kind of a war for our children or our children's children.

This leads us to consider the greatest purpose of the navy — its usefulness in developing new wars.

In the past, the bulk of the best fighting has always been on land. For this reason many people, including the military authorities, look askance at the spending of fifty or sixty millions on a battleship that may not even be fired on. They feel that a greater fighting turnover could be obtained if the money were put into machine guns and ammunition, which get into use quicker.

In addition, there is a growing class of war *saboteurs*, especially among educators, who point out that battleships and universities require about the same original investment and sums for upkeep and who continually play up the advantages of universities. It is not fair to charge that this criticism indicates a lack of patriotism; it is just a bias in favor of education.

Unless we can do something to increase our war volume, we cannot justify either the running expenses or the investment of our army and navy.

While the Spanish and Philippine wars and our efforts in Nicaragua were not engagements of the first magnitude, they proved beyond a doubt that there is plenty of fighting to be had if only our navy will go after it. Of course, as compared with the nations of Europe and the Far East, we are in what seems a delicate and hopeless position from a military standpoint. Hemmed in on both the north and south by peaceful and unfortified nations, our only chance for a conflict is on or across the ocean. Some of our younger and more buoyant thinkers believe that a few of the Old World nations are anxious to challenge us to a war over here as soon as they finish their present matches on the home grounds. Some point, with justice, to the number of causes for fighting still unused on the other continents and insist that we must have a more enterprising navy to make the necessary contacts.

It's an accepted axiom that things worth having are worth going after. If we are content to sit in swivel chairs and wait for more enterprising nations to bring the fighting to us, we will find that the only wars we will be able to get will be shabby old wars hardly worth fighting.

In an early issue:
'Slick Fingers,'
by Ralph L. Woods

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What I Believe

by **LLEWELYN POWYS**

WILLIAM BLAKE once wrote:

> I asked the prophet Isaiah "how he dared so roundly to assert that God spake to him," and Isaiah answered "I saw no God nor heard any infinite organical perception but my senses discovered the infinite in everything."

To my mind this imaginary conversation between the prophet and the poet contains a message of the profoundest wisdom. There emerges out of it what our fathers would have called "the true word." To a proper comprehension of life upon earth, the text, "my senses discovered the infinite in everything," can scarcely be surpassed. The suspicion and contempt with which the idealists regard the senses and would have us regard them is a downright madness. Make no mistake, "the rabble senses," as Plato called them, serve our turn well enough. The common reports that our common senses present us with afford us a solid enough foundation on which to build a workable conception of the universe.

No philosopher ever delivered a more valuable corrective to man's erroneous mental processes than did Thomas Hobbes when he declared, "Know then that all this is but an empty store of words, which has been drawn up and arraigned against the senses."

It would in truth be a hard matter to overestimate the mischief that has been done to human life by the teachings of the mystics. Their meek-hearted mistrusts, appropriated to serve the ends of priestly power, have brought on the generations of men incalculable confusions. We are born at all adventure on a chance and petty planet that hurtles about the voyaging sun in an astral universe whose vast voids and torrential star streams stretch away to an incomprehensible infinity. We men, a race of creatures ephemeral almost as leaves, have been wonderfully supplied with five senses, the eager efficacy of which in our sauciness we never stint from decrying by day and by night. All that we have been, are, and will be is attributable to these same five defamed wits, wits which through a subtle transmission of sensibility reach to so supreme a flowering in man's conscious brain.

The doctrine that the senses are liars is a doctrine of nervous unease very subversive to a healthy life-attitude. It encourages men and women to concentrate only half of their attention on their earth existence; they walk, these men and women, upon the planet's material ground and, indeed, are careful to regulate their lives by the usual market-day apprehensions they deny; but in the meantime they never forget to have one white eye cocked toward heaven, till it is scarcely possible for them to escape coming by a fall as happened to Johnny-Head-in-Air in the Latin Gradation.

It is by means of such prodigious disloyalties that we have had so many fantastic theologies foisted on us — far-fetched theologies that have obstinately continued to interfere with our opportunities for natural happiness. We venture to hint that true religion has nothing whatever to do with make-believe anthropomorphic fables and that, the sooner we rid our heads of such salvation creeds, so much the better for us. True religion is to honor and to worship life, and true morality should have but one aim — personal happiness.

Our approach to existence should be much more humble and at the same time much more proud. There is little profit to be had from putting our trust in elaborate sacerdotal cosmologies that an hour's secular thought would reveal as "human all too human." The blunt fact remains that it would advantage us to dispense with the conventional notions of both God and Morality — and the sooner the better.

The conditions of life to be witnessed on any single acre of the earth's soil are sufficient to refute all pleasure believing that postulates the presence of a benevolent providence over-

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looking the affairs of the world. "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?"

It is also clear that morality owes its origin to no order out of the clouds but is a naturally evolved product incident to the development of a sensitive human psychology.

And not only is our confidence in divine protection and our confidence in a God-given morality without sufficient justification, but our belief in the immortality of the human soul also.

Every one of these three conceits may be said to obscure the broad and simple path toward a sensible republic of the peoples. "He that is down need fear no fall," and, the lower we pitch our claims, the safer we shall be. It profits us nothing to sacrifice present benefits for fanciful futures. No man has ever seen God at any time and no man has ever held conference with a dead man. This being the case, we shall scarcely be inconvenienced when the day arrives for the abandonment of these comfortable and incredible rumors.

II

REALITY IS BETTER than dreams. We are alive now. We see the sun in the daytime and at night we look up at the moon and the stars. "Our America is here and now." It is only the sottish nature of our constitutions that makes it possible for us to swallow life in so gluttonous and dull a way. The secret consists in deliberately unlearning all that has to do with the ordinary commonplace vision and in discovering how to view life freshly — that is, with a heightened awareness that accords with the dignity of a single unattached pilgrim spirit who comes from nowhere and goes he knows not whither. Every day we should approach existence with senses as light and lively as those of a lover. No natural misfortune, no personal disgrace should be strong enough to interfere with the joy of being alive. This is the one supreme chance that compensates for all. Pain and death are to be feared; all else is experience. "Men have died and the worms have eaten them but not for love." If a human being is out of pain, he can be and should be happy.

Avarice and the lust for power, the thought, fashions, and values of the mob have blinkered our eyesight. Joy will come easily and naturally to anyone if he employs to the best possible advantage every sense he possesses under the illumination of a mind eager, understanding, and poetical. To be able to quench thirst with water and to satisfy hunger with bread are rewards deep and ancient. To be in love and to be able to consummate our love — what gratification could have been bestowed on mortals more tender and more tremulous and more dizzy in its rapture? At such moments like birds of paradise we meet on the dancing shores of the rising sun, thrilling and quivering under the deepest spell of existence, under the power of creation, under the power of love.

How can we be content to have the baser values of society substituted for the sublimer values of existence — the sound of machinery for the music of the human voice, the painted face for the lips and cheeks of fresh nature? What dullards we are to take all for granted, to search for a cheap romance in the picture houses when the very mold we stand upon is enchanted with the living grass that presses up through the paving stones glinting in the lee light of the moon. It might be different if our lives were longer and if the few decades allowed us between cradle and coffin had been extended to a reasonable span.

Yet, short as it is, what rich fulfillments are possible if we possess a modicum of health, sincerity, and imagination and are apt to become, as Jesus long ago prompted us, as wise as serpents. The true vision of life is the poetic vision, and a man can do nothing better than to enjoy eating and drinking, making love, playing with children, and talking philosophy with old friends. Consciousness is everything, the high power of surveying the simple pageantry around us with the eyeballs of Siva! Such awareness of the mystery of existence is a godlike prerogative, and, once we can escape from the pressing importunities of our parochial environment, with its personal anxieties, disappointments, and ambitions, we enter on our legitimate inheritance. Then at last, as we watch the sun rise and the moon set, the rivers flow to the sea, will we win to a deep freedom, the freedom of the wind that King David knew when he listened to the sound of its going "through the tops of the mulberry trees."

There is no reward belonging to life that can equal such an awakening from spiritual sloth. After such an experience, no day in our life

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will ever again count as common, and it is an enfranchisement that can be won as easily by the poor as by the rich, that can be practiced by men and women living on the very simplest levels of human existence.

III

WHY SHOULD WE not estimate justly the chance of our consciousness, placing a high value on the mere privilege of possessing private breath? Are we no better than pygargs and partridges that we should waste our days at such a rate — days that keep gliding by mirrored on the fugitive rainbow surface of an ocean of nothingness?

This is the spiritual lesson that our schoolmasters with rod, ruler, and blackboard should be diligent to teach us. True education consists in persuading the young to value life for its own sake. The task of fitting us for making a living is of secondary importance and should be the kind of instruction relegated to humdrum specialists. The word "education" means the leading out of the mind in the old cultural sense to the fullest possible enjoyment of its own faculties. At the present time the great mass of human beings are sent out into the world with their heads packed with settled opinions on unsettled subjects, and until our minds are emancipated we can look for little betterment in our condition.

As things are, we allow ourselves to be beguiled by the first bait that is dangled before our noses and think it a great matter if we waste our life, the only life we shall ever have, in the achievement of success in business! The very hobos and hedge rogues choose a better part, for at least their empty bellies keep reminding them that they are alive, and the lice under their jackets that they are awake. Our follies have brought us to a fine pass. Separated from nature, divorced from the land, conditioned to function in the parochial environments of industrial or clerkly employment, with our senses dulled that we scarce once a day feel the wind against our foreheads or look up at the sun with cognizance, with our appetites either starved or abused, we continue from Lady Day to Michaelmas and from Michaelmas to Lady Day laboring on and on at our unmeaning task — works that have no bearing whatever on the deeper issues of life. Small wonder our streets present so many faces that have been rendered foolish by frivolity; small wonder we are ready to snarl like dogs at the least provocation or even to welcome wars to break up so cursed a monotony.

All radical and lasting reforms have been won by judicious compromises, and I believe it is possible to build up a new golden age on the earth without sacrificing either personal liberty or the deeper principles of tolerance and humanity. The happiness that comes to a man or woman through a deliberate cultivation of the senses is the highest happiness that can be had. It is a craft that requires control as well as license. "For who knoweth what is good for a man in his life, all the days of his vein life which he spendeth as a shadow." If he is willing to forgo the pomps and prides of the world and is wise enough to see that the simplest and most natural gratifications are the most to be prized, then day after day joy will come laughing toward him, like a child who carries flowers up a garden path. To be abroad in the land of the living, to be able to hop with hope upon grass, is in itself a sufficiency of luck.

The purpose of existence is to live freely, fearlessly, and fully, to prog and prog for as much personal happiness as we can get *without adding to the unhappiness of others*. It is a matter of an ever present worshipful appreciation of the idle privilege of merely being conscious — an appreciation to be practically applied with sense, sensibility, and compassion.

For seventy or more of the revolutions of the earth, round and round about the sun, we have been allowed a holiday out of oblivion. With terrifying intellects and wide-awake senses we have been let loose as free rangers on a planet of silver oceans and grass-green fields doomed and dutiful. It is a day, an hour that we have to spend as we will. Because no God is in the heavens and no immortality has been prepared for us, why should we despair? There is no miracle, because all is a miracle. There is no mystery, because all is a mystery. "Far off is that which exists and very deep — who shall find it out?"

Coming: 'Can Power Be Humanized?'
by Bertrand Russell

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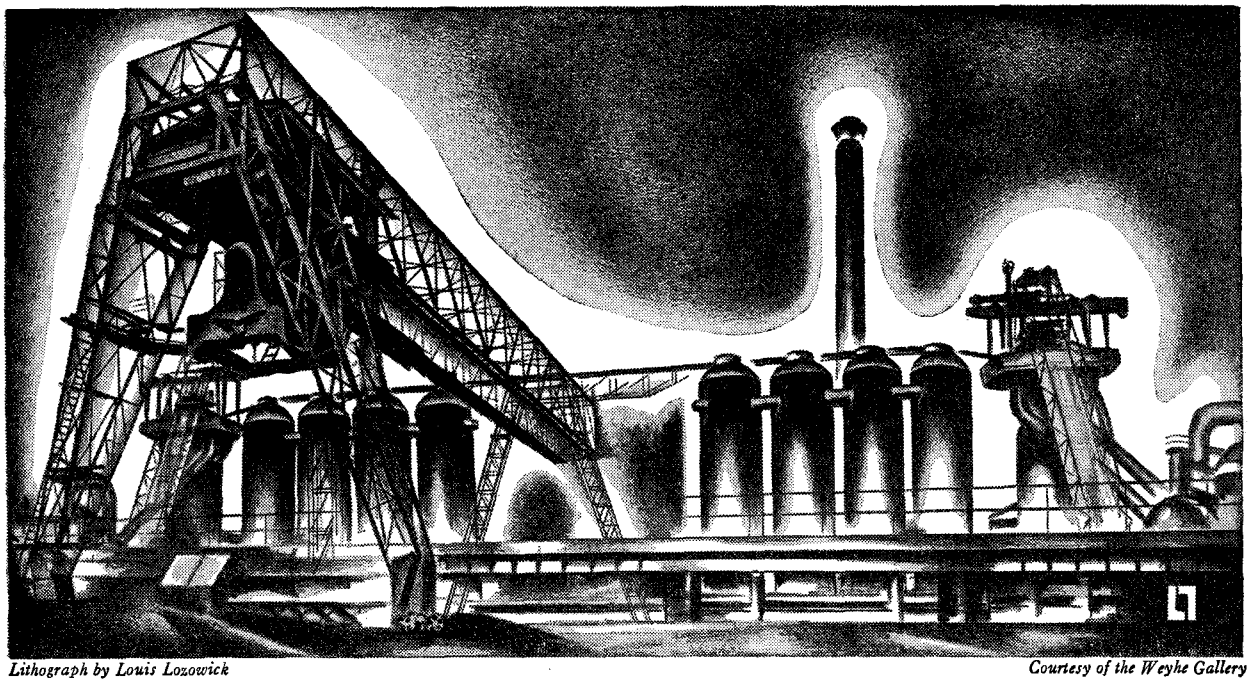

Lithograph by Louis Lozowick *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

The Three-Legged Stool

A Formula for Industrial Harmony

by **BRUCE JOHNSTONE**

ANYONE WHO HAS WORKED on a farm knows that a milking stool has three legs and that, if one gives way, the milker crashes.

Industry sits on a three-legged stool, its supports being capital, management, and labor. If these three stand on good common ground, all goes well; but, if one fails, industry crashes.

My warrant for writing on this subject is a deep interest, and is based on forty years of work and observation. For over thirty-five years I have been a corporation lawyer and for the last nine of those years I have served as director on the board of a concern with a sixty-million-dollar payroll. My work has taken me to foreign countries and to some twenty-five States besides Illinois.

At the outset it may be helpful to set down a few definitions — not, perhaps, those which would be used by a political economist but human equations learned from all sorts and conditions of men.

I mention capital first, because industry became possible only when someone, having provided for his immediate wants, had laid aside a bit of property on or in or with which work could be done and the product made available to others. Capital is not a commodity but a man with property, willing to risk that property in enterprise.

Management is not a commodity but a man skilled in directing industry. It is through him that labor and capital work together.

Nor is labor a commodity; labor is a man, skilled or unskilled, working under management with the tools and materials supplied him by capital.

My main conclusions are: first, that our industrial problem is one which involves primarily not things but men; second, that there is no conflict between capital and labor which cannot be settled if the men involved will work together; and, third, that, in the industrial

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world as elsewhere, wherever there is a right there is also a responsibility.

Some Rights of Capital

Investors, small and large, as partners in modern industry, are entitled to protection of their property, to the honest services of management and labor, and to a reasonable return on their investment. This return must be large enough to pay for the risks taken; otherwise, risks will not be taken, capital will elect to be a creditor rather than a stockholder, and a substantial portion of the world's resources will seek investment in bonds — to a considerable extent in government bonds. Industry will have lost a substantial part of capital which would otherwise have been available.

Some Duties

What are capital's responsibilities?

First, capital must see to it that the men at the benches are treated as human beings. There is no "average" workman; each man is an individual, a human being entitled to be treated as such. He has ambitions, faults, skill, hopes and fears. The ranks of labor include the slacker, the shiftless, the brilliant, the dependable, the worthy, the unworthy — and the same human types will be found on the side of capital.

Capital must see to it that labor has reasonable working conditions and that proper measures are taken for the workers' health, safety, comfort, and security.

Capital must concede to labor its fair share of the product of industry, the just amount being admittedly difficult of ascertainment and probably to be arrived at only by the trial-and-error method. Collective bargaining affords a medium for such adjustments.

In discharging its responsibilities, capital which, at least in the larger units, works solely through management must, above everything else, insist on fair dealing by that management. By "cutting labor costs," a fair balance sheet may be presented for the inspection of the shareholders, but in the long run the driving manager will find that he has reaped inefficiency and a rising expense resultant on a heavy turnover in the personnel of his force.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, and it has been demonstrated that decent working conditions and a fair annual income through the pay envelope, while they may mean a substantial increase in the number of dollars paid out, yield, over the years, a substantial harvest.

Rights of Management

This brings us to management and the rights of the human beings who compose it.

They are entitled to the services of workmen who give to the job the best that is in them. Management is entitled to fidelity on the part of labor to its agreements. No group of men or women whose word is not good will have a record of prosperity. I do not speak of mere written agreements, which through changing conditions may become literally scraps of paper, but I mean the acceptance of the proposition that when a man's word has been given he must do all that lies within his power to make that word good. Altered conditions may require a change in the terms of a contract, but always there must be the spirit of willingness to stand by an agreement until its performance has been rendered obviously unfair.

Management is entitled to receive fair compensation. Following recent federal legislation the public has been regaled with lists of salaries paid to corporation executives. These afford no real basis for judgment. No one can decide wisely as to the propriety of a given salary without knowing all the pertinent facts. There are cases where slackers receive five thousand dollars a year, and are overpaid. There are others where ten or twenty times that sum paid to a chief executive are a wise investment. A man who can decide properly and promptly the questions presented to the head of a corporation having gross earnings of a million dollars a day has a value to the stockholders which is almost incalculable. He does not fix his own salary — it is not the custom in American business to make gifts to corporate officers; the salary of an executive is determined by his value in the market. A twenty-five-thousand-dollar man in a two-hundred-thousand-dollar job is an expensive luxury; one major blunder on his part may easily cost his company millions.

Management's Duties

The responsibilities of management are heavy, for they are the point of contact between capital and labor, the point where friction may develop.

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Management's first and greatest responsibility is the maintenance of a spirit of tolerance — the lubricant of industry.

It is common knowledge that the safe operation of any machine requires constant guarding against friction. On San Francisco Bay, when I was very young, travel on the ferryboats was a never-ending source of pleasure. On every trip across the bay sooner or later we would find our way to the main cabin and there through a plate-glass window watch the operation of the "walking beam" as the pistons rhythmically rose and fell. Regularly the oiler would appear from the depths and, with shining, long-nosed oil can in hand, clamber around the plunging pistons and see to it that the oil cups were full. A steady supply of oil was maintained at every point in the machine where friction might possibly develop. The oil of tolerance is no less essential in human relations.

Management should seek as one of its first great objectives the regularization of employment; it must level off the peaks and valleys in payrolls; it must spread out the work or, if the industry be one essentially seasonal, it must take on new lines.

The prime objective is that labor be offered the opportunity to work throughout the year. This need not mean employment for some and layoffs for others; it may well be that when business is slack the entire force may work but three or four days in each week. Nevertheless, if the employees can be assured of their fair annual share in the product of their labor and know that they can count on fifty-two pay checks a year, they can ride through any ordinary period of hard times, and the problem of unemployment for that business will have been solved.

In many industries this objective was for years deemed impossible of attainment, and yet it has been repeatedly accomplished. There are some industries — in the field of agriculture, for example — where certain forms of work are seasonal and last for but brief periods in each year. Here the solution is more difficult, but California has shown that, in dealing with such work as fruit picking, ways may be found to offer to the human beings engaged in such seasonal occupations the opportunity for gainful labor throughout the entire harvest year. No industrial nation can hope for a happy or even a peaceful existence so long as millions of men, able and willing to work, are denied the opportunity.

I have heard spokesmen both for capital and for labor bluntly declare that, in the industrial world, labor and capital are inevitably at war, each striving to wrest advantage from the other. War tolerates many things, even spies within the enemy lines. Once grant that industry is a co-operative venture, admit the validity, if you please, of our three-legged stool, and espionage becomes unthinkable.

Management must maintain an open-door policy; always it must be ready to listen to labor. In a concern employing thousands of men, grievances cannot be considered in mass meeting; it is necessary that spokesmen be selected. As a general rule the best spokesmen come from the ranks of the men themselves. The men in a given plant are better able to know the conditions and needs of their fellow workers than anyone called in from the outside. On the other hand, repression of the right to organize in some industries has made it difficult for employees to take the lead themselves for fear of reprisals. But, whoever the spokesmen, if they are in reality chosen by the aggrieved men themselves, it is difficult to see on what ground capital can object to the personnel of the representative committee. Owners and managers do not hesitate to call in lawyers or experts to represent them. Generally speaking, it is fair to say that in American industry today the open-door policy is becoming the rule; the time is passing when an industrialist can acquire merit among his fellows by announcing that he has "nothing to arbitrate."

Management is under the duty of rendering a strict accounting to the absent and scattered owners of a property. This duty is obvious, but it must be discharged without the evasion of moral issues. Over and over again I have heard directors or trustees explain that, if the property involved were their own, their course of conduct would be clear but, as they were merely trustees for a property whose owners were scattered and absent, they felt constrained to blink the moral issue. For example, they would deal with a labor racketeer in order to escape the danger of grave loss to the property in their charge. In this, it seems to me, they err. It must always be remembered

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that no money could be received by the racketeer unless someone paid that money. A trustee must be a faithful steward, but it is neither expressed nor implied in the terms of his employment that he surrender his own moral standards.

The Rights of Labor

Turn now to the rights of labor.

First and foremost is the right to be treated as human beings, with decent working conditions and some security in a job.

Through long years (and often, it is to be regretted, against the opposition of capital) the working conditions of labor in America have been steadily improved. Safeguards which should have been installed as a matter not only of decency but of economy have been enforced on all employers by legislative enactment. The physical hazards of industry, which for years were borne on the overburdened back of the laborer, have finally been shifted to industry itself. Workmen's compensation legislation has become the rule, and men injured in the course of their employment are no longer obliged to bear the whole burden.

It should be a cause of regret to capital that it did not put through these changes on its own initiative. Here and there a humane management introduced the principle of compensation for injury or death in the line of duty. The National Manufacturers' Association, no less than labor bodies, economists, lawyers, and social workers, shared in the movement. Nonetheless it was only after a long fight with inert or obstructive employers and trade bodies that legislatures compelled recognition of the principle that death or injury in the course of employment is one of the operating expenses of that industry and that compensation therefor is to be paid as a matter of course and added to the cost of the product. And there must still be fought through the half-won fight to protect workmen from the ravages of occupational disease.

But, casualties and disease aside, the great human desire among workmen is for some sense of security in the job and protection in old age. No one ever put more poignantly the case for social security than the old Clyde docker when he said: "Heaven? 'Tis a place where ye can wake in the mornin' and know the job is safe for the day."

I hold no brief for the form of the present federal social-security act; but that the worker should be afforded some sense of security, some assurance that his pay check is not going to be stopped suddenly or his last years spent in a poorhouse I do believe. Whether this assurance should be given by State or nation is a debatable question; that it should not be left to industry alone is, I think, clear.

An appreciation by capital, with its reserves, of what a layoff means to labor, *without* reserves, would go a long way toward convincing industrialists that one of their prime obligations is the assurance of steady employment.

Labor is entitled to a fair share in the product of the industry. So long as capital continues to regard labor as a commodity, to be bought at so much on the hoof, there is no hope for real progress in industrial affairs. When capital realizes that labor is human, is a vital member of the trinity that lifts industry to its modern state, the fair solution will be in sight.

Wage rates are not important; the vital thing is that the workman get a reasonable *annual* income as a result of his toil. He is engaged in a co-operative enterprise of which he is an essential member.

Alec Smith, a Midwestern manufacturer, hit on a solution that seems to work well.

He had found that over a period of years, regardless of wage rates, a certain portion of the industry's gross receipts, varying from 18 to 20 per cent, went to labor. His employees had organized themselves into a union within the plant, and an agreement was reached with them whereby 20 per cent of all receipts were allocated to labor. Each workman was given a drawing account, varying in accordance with the nature of his task; and at the end of the year, if the total of these drawing accounts totaled less than the 20 per cent of gross receipts which had been allocated to labor as a whole, a year-end dividend was paid.

In 1937, the early months showed good sales, and each workman received cash in his envelope in addition to his regular drawing account; but in January of 1938, when the union's auditors had checked the records, it was found that, although the labor account had earned a surplus of about $30,000, nearly $40,000 had been advanced to the men earlier in the year, leaving a deficit to labor account

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of about $11,000. This the management carried over into 1938.

At the same time, in this industry which had been highly seasonal, Smith reorganized the work and guaranteed the men fifty-two pay checks a year.

In addition he gave up, years ago, the exclusive right of hiring and firing. When new men are put to work in this plant they must be acceptable both to management and to the workmen's committee. When a man is to be discharged, that discharge must be approved both by the men and the management. An interesting fact in this connection is that, during the nineteen years in which this hiring-and-firing arrangement has been in force, the management's sole activity has been in interceding for some workmen whom their fellow workers wished to see discharged.

The point of the whole project lies in its recognition that the business is a joint enterprise, that, if the men work well and turn out a good product, the gross receipts will be enhanced, and that in that enhancement the men have a definite share. It is a demonstration of the soundness of the *common-enterprise* theory of labor as against the *commodity* theory.

Obviously labor has a right to act in unison, to organize, to have unions. It is absurd for capital to question that right when every corporation existing in America today is a product and example of organization. The set-up of modern industry renders it essential that labor organize, select its representatives, and put itself in position to be vocal and effective.

The form which such organization should take is primarily labor's affair. It is for labor to say whether the vertical union is more logical, more powerful, or more satisfactory than organization by crafts or whether the two forms can be combined.

Nor has capital the right to criticize unions for failing to incorporate. In the early days of industry, business was carried on by partnerships, and every partner was liable to the extent of all his property for all the obligations of the firm, just as today every member of a labor union is liable in damages for any injury caused to capital by the wrongful act of his union. In order to escape this unlimited liability, the corporation was devised so that a man could limit his liability in a concern by the amount of his investment, keeping the rest of his personal fortune secure. Incorporation was a privilege which capital enjoyed. If labor chooses to incorporate its unions — and it might be a shrewd move — well and good. Labor, however, is clearly within its rights in declining to incorporate.

Finally, labor should have the right to appeal from an adverse decision on any question arising between it and management. That appeal should go to the head of the corporation in the first instance; but, if he rules adversely to labor, an appeal should lie to some disinterested man or body outside the company, or the difference should be solved by arbitration.

Labor's Responsibilities

Labor has its responsibilities, and the first is honest service to management and to the owners and protection of the company's property. If the theory of co-operative enterprise is sound, the workers will merely be protecting their own. They must see to it that capital is fairly treated. They must give the best they have to the job. They must be reasonable in their demands, and their representatives must be willing to consider the employer's side of a question.

Labor must be jealous of its reputation. Whenever a union resorts to terrorism, it breeds only hatred and contempt.

Last winter an instance of such conduct came to my attention.

A plant manager, desiring to improve his product, caused a laboratory test to be made of the milk offered by several dealers. As a result of these tests he decided to terminate his existing contract and secure milk from another dealer.

Within forty-eight hours thereafter, he was waited on not by his former milk dealer but by a business agent of a truck drivers' union. This man notified him that, unless he canceled his new arrangement and renewed his original contract, no supplies would be delivered to or from his plant — that he would be "put out of business."

The youthful manager of this manufacturing plant, who was having his hands full meeting ordinary competition, dared not risk a shut-down. He took advice from cautious businessmen in his community, yielded to the threat, and canceled his new contract.

In consequence he is today using in his

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business a grade of milk less desirable than he could otherwise obtain at the same price — and all because of this threat by labor.

The excuse for this conduct on the part of the truck drivers is naïve. They contend that the first union man who delivers milk to a commercial plant acquires an interest in that "stop" and that thereafter his union must see that no change by the purchaser occurs, thereby insuring the original drivers' rights to make the delivery. The purchaser's right to buy his supplies where he sees fit seems to have disappeared in the process.

Ten days later the problem was presented in a new form.

This same plant manager had a contract with a distributing concern, which took his entire output and made all deliveries.

The distributor failed, and the plant manager sought and found an independent trucking concern. Satisfactory terms were agreed on, but before the contract was signed the same union business agent appeared, this time with the demand that the manufacturing company itself employ the truck drivers. The union agreed that the trucking company could furnish trucks but insisted that the manufacturer must employ the drivers and assume all the responsibilities and tax burdens incident thereto.

A brief delay ensued, and the manufacturer was forcibly reminded of his position when one of his delivery trucks was stopped in transit.

This time the matter was brought to the attention of an alert State's attorney, whereupon the truck drivers' union backed down.

Such tactics do not benefit labor. They breed only hate, defiance, and reprisals. Wherever labor pursues this line of conduct it is guilty of sheer stupidity.

Capital also sometimes takes a hand.

Within the last sixty days, another friend of mine required the services of a trucking concern. He made a few inquiries, and was shortly thereafter called on by a member of this same truck drivers' union, who urged the wisdom of employing a company we will call the Maywood outfit, stating that it was the largest concern in the district, employed none but union drivers, etc., and could furnish excellent service. It was rather plainly intimated that the employment of any other trucking concern would result in delays and other annoyances for the customer.

Maywood got the job.

Investigation revealed the fact that the Maywood concern maintains very close relations with the truck drivers' union and, when a large contract is in sight, sends for the union agent and informs him that, if Maywood secures the business, the truckers can write their own wage ticket.

If labor and capital are to make real progress, each must insist on integrity in its leaders. Neither can afford crooked leadership. Each will be measured by the men it puts forward as its spokesman. If the leaders be unworthy, the cause inevitably suffers damage. The ranks, both of capital and of labor, can yield sound leadership, and the burden lies on each to advance to the front those worthy of advancement and to retire any leader who is found either untrustworthy or incompetent.

The mainspring of human activity is self-interest — an enlightened self-interest if you please but self-interest. This is as true of collective as individual effort and holds for our three-legged stool of industry. Whether one talks with capital, management, or labor, it is not idealism that need be stressed nor altruism but merely the fact that their joint enterprise is in the self-interest of each.

Standing one day in a steel mill I noticed a machine which looked like nothing so much as a pair of shears. It cut through iron bars as though they had been cheese. And, as I looked, it struck me that here was another illustration of the joint enterprise theory of capital and labor — one blade of the huge shears representing capital, the other, labor; the gadget that bound them into a working unit was management. Tear them apart, shatter the unity of the affair, and in each blade of the shears you have a sword. Use them together, and they are tremendous new tools in man's agelong conquest of nature.

Coming soon:
'Human Relations in the Laboratory,'
by Charles R. Walker

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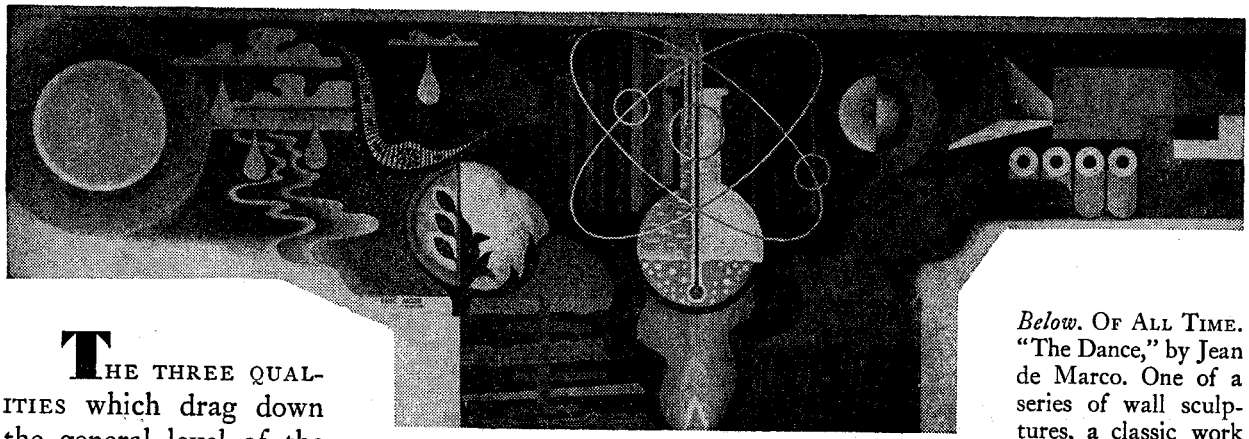
The Artist's Point of View

New York World's Fair—
World of Yesterday, Today, or Tomorrow?

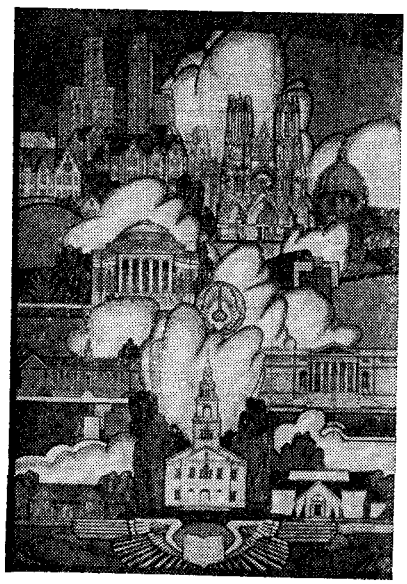


Below. OF ALL TIME. "The Dance," by Jean de Marco. One of a series of wall sculptures, a classic work in the idiom of today. Based on the reality of human form, with character and movement woven into fluid design. This and the entire series have dignity, distinction, and appropriateness.

THE THREE QUALITIES which drag down the general level of the Fair murals and sculptures are naturalism, romanticism, and the conventional stereotype in decoration which sucks the lifeblood of character and original interpretation out of subject, leaving only the husk of surface prettiness. Of straight naturalism there is to be found almost none at the Fair (which does mark progress), but the romantic escape from reality to fantasy and naturalism dressing itself up in stereotyped decoration comprise most of the 207 commissioned works.

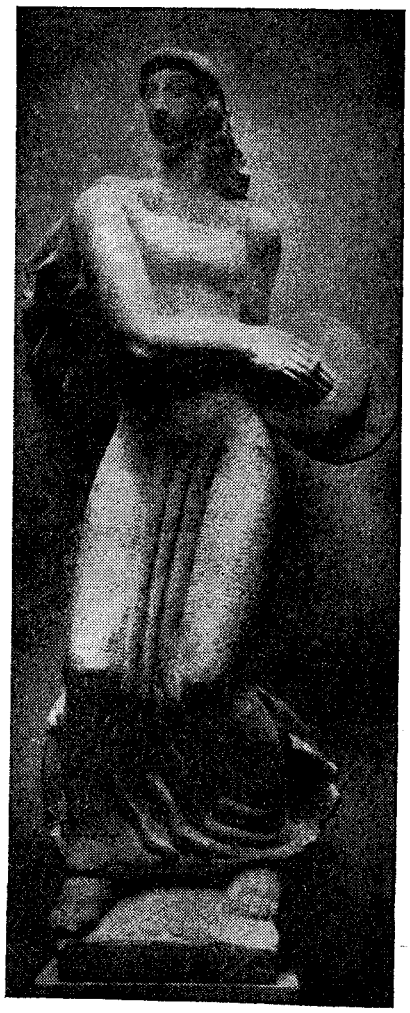
In strong contrast to these stereotypes is the exhibition of American Art Today, housed in its own building with distinction (except for the external metal-cutout decorations by Arthur Covey, which violate the entire spirit and contents of the exhibition). Here the control of the exhibition was in the hands of artists, with a majority of progressives and a liberal official, Holger Cahill, who, as executive, backed the artist's viewpoint. This exhibit is a vital, challenging event.

RALPH M. PEARSON



Top. TODAY AND TOMORROW. "Plastics," by Eric Mose. Here is decoration minus the prevailing stereotypes and the romantic escape. The design grows sensitively from the nature of subject, merged into a synthetic unified whole.

At left. YESTERDAY. "Mental Welfare," by J. Scott Williams. Familiar conventional pattern is here repeated for the hundredth time. Subject is simplified and arranged into an intellectualized pattern with *no feeling* for the integration of form, space, and color. Even the subject concept of Mental Welfare symbolized by Greek temples, Gothic cathedrals, and a colonial church is an anachronism excellently presented.



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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

New British Verse

***selected by* THOMAS MOULT**

The Eastern Well

Your young head is set upon your shoulders
as though the Italian sculptor who designed you
carrying your pitcher to the well of life,
had by a trick set the dim East behind you.

But I a stranger, waiting at the well head
returning from the long pilgrimage of years
cannot divine the meaning of your laughter
and dare not divine the challenge of your tears.

I, looking back through time as you draw nearer,
somnambulist in the lost paradise
of dreams dew-footed that I had forgotten,
watch my own youth ascendant in your eyes.

But not for me thus gazing to unriddle
the movement of your hand and your flushed cheek
and the unspoken, lovelier overtone
behind the half-remembered words you speak.

Go back from the well! I cannot fill your pitcher
with any water save from the fountains of grief.
Go back from the well! And — see — I break the lutestrings,
lest you should stay and I become love's thief.

Humbert Wolfe

And What for Praise?

And what for praise? Who names
A flower embroiled in wind?
Or who commends the uncorseted frames
Of trees? Or who the mind?

I say the mind. This praise,
Too long withheld, I now award.
Now let this commendation phrase
One poem, wrought from every word

Of our knowledge and of our poor
Restriction of things loved, praised
Each and each, so singly, in our
Seeing, who are in seeing dazed.

Know all: you may and must.
Authentic, worthily include
All beauty, in wombing trust
Confirm a new completer laud.

This last and ultimate faith
Is yours; in you I would depend
Wholly and quite believe
Your no-deception, your wisdom, Mind.

J. C. Hall

Let Us Repent

I wish that we could graze the grass,
And sleep beneath a tree,
So that we might not say Alas
And toil in misery:
So that we need not rob and curse
I'd live and die alone,
And eat the heather and the furze,
And sleep upon a stone.

You yet may eat the grass, my dear,
And lie beneath the bough,
And not abate a single tear
Of what are flowing now:
You may live crazy on the moor,
And not a sin undone
Of those who make these myriad poor
To sleep on many a stone.

But O forsake the secret sin,
And purge the heart of fear,
And summer will be coming in
To last the livelong year:
Then would the agelong sore complaint
Be merged in blessedness;
We should not need the starving saint
Nor gentle anchoress.

Ruth Pitter

I Am Where the Hills Are

I am where the hills are.
They know my coming.
(*Yours, poor fool?*)
Low they crouch and draw breath.
Wind on their brows is beautiful.

They wait my coming, ears pressed back.
Foot in the stirrup! Their broad flanks
Twitch like the sea when the moon mounts.
(*They whinny, fool? They proffer thanks?*)

Come, hills! In space, to Pekin come!
In time, back to Babylon!

(*And twist like a teetotum*
On one toe of his skeleton!)

Louis Golding

Sense

If I were deaf, the small bee's thunder
Would haunt as much as soundless sea;
If I were blind, unending wonder
What light was like would torture me;
If I were dumb, my heart would break
For the sweet speech I could not make.

If senses lost or never owned
Shone suddenly mine, what heaven's delight
Would thrill foundations, organ-toned,
Would shrill and shiver through the height;
What words would whirl from my roused brain
Like dewdrops from a lion's mane.

Yet here am I with all my powers,
Yet worse than deaf and dumb and blind:
Life burns and blows through leagues of flowers,
And she, the mistress of my mind,
The sun, the core, the flaming centre
Where all rays issue and re-enter,

Whispers: Arise, and feel and see.
Whispers: Through me the centuries weave
Their glory; take your joy of me
And with me, all the gifts that Eve
Shone mistress of before the Fall . . .
And I have no response at all.

Geoffrey Johnson

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TOASTS

RALPH MAITLAND is an ex-newspaperman, political publicity man, and ghost writer, now a free lance, writing short stories and a novel as well as magazine articles.

DONALD RICHBERG'S name is one which was intimately associated with that of President Roosevelt and with the New Deal in its earlier days. Mr. Richberg was General Counsel of the NRA from 1933 to 1935. Since 1936 he has been a member of a Washington, D. C., law firm.

J. L. BROWN is a lawyer, practicing in New Jersey, who also edits a weekly newspaper. He has written for a number of magazines and back in May, 1938, contributed "The Building and Loan Bubble" to THE FORUM.

ELIAS LIEBERMAN, a Russian-born naturalized American, is the Principal of Thomas Jefferson High School, in Brooklyn, New York. He is the spare-time author of a considerable number of short stories, plays, and poems.

VERNON BARTLETT, Editor of the British *World Review*, is an independent Conservative member of Parliament.

JO HUBBARD CHAMBERLIN is a New Yorker who has been a newspaperman and magazine editor as well as writer.

HAMILTON HOLT is President of Rollins College and has been prominent for years in international movements for peace.

SARAH WAMBAUGH is a specialist in international affairs who has been a member of the League of Nations secretariat and expert adviser in many questions negotiated by the League.

NATHANIEL PEFFER is a lecturer and author on international relations, specializing in Far Eastern affairs.

HERBERT COGGINS is a San Francisco businessman who is an occasional writer of articles and fiction. Having leisurely concluded that the aesthetic values of war, poverty, and competition have been overrated, he would like to prove it in print.

LLEWELYN POWYS, the well-known English writer, has been in Switzerland much of the time in recent years, recovering from a long siege of illness.

BRUCE JOHNSTONE is a Chicagoan who has been practicing corporation law for more than thirty-five years and has also taken an active part in civic affairs.

RALPH M. PEARSON is the artist and energetic tutor in "experiencing pictures" who has been writing the FORUM art feature page for several years.

THOMAS MOULT is an English poet and poetry critic, novelist, and lecturer. He is also the editor of a distinguished anthology of verse.

Forum Quiz Answers

1. (a) "*Agamemnon, my boy, it's much like water color except that the colors are opaque.*" [An old method, used by Fragonard, Moreau, and others, recently revived by modern artists.]
2. (c) Northwest Passage — *C. S. Forester* [Actually written by Kenneth Roberts. C. S. Forester wrote the recent *Captain Horatio Hornblower.*]
3. (b) *Bojangles* [nickname of Bill Robinson.]
4. (d) *baseball* [Generally accepted date.]
5. (b) *Col. Josef Beck* [Smigly-Rydz is head of army; Moscicki is President.]
6. (c) *D. W. Griffith* [*Birth of a Nation, Intolerance*, etc.]
7. (d) *destroyed by his own trap* [The petar was an explosive device used to breach a gate or barricade. There was danger that the man who fired it would be blown up.]
8. (b) *water colorist*
9. (b) *30*
10. (e) *tell her firmly that if she does not stop it he will walk out* [But it will probably be too late.]
11. (b) *More people are married, proportionally, than a generation or two ago.* [Most Americans are married in June. U. S. has third highest divorce rate, behind Russia and France.]
12. (c) *There is practically no animal life north of the Arctic Circle.* [Deer, seals, whales, polar bear, musk ox, rabbits, fox, fish, etc. See books by Stefansson on this subject.]
13. (a) *500,000* [out of 70,000,000]
14. (b) *an Anglo-Saxon hero who slew a monster and his ma — a depressing old biddy who lived in a swamp* [Hero of the epic poem of the same name.]
15. (c) A Sentimental Journey, *by Lawrence Sterne*
16. (a) *the United Kingdom* [Bought $534,000,000 in 1937. Canada bought $509,000,000; Japan, $288,000,000; Germany, $124,000,000; France, $164,000,000; Mexico, $109,000,000.
17. (a) *everyday life*
18. (b) *Byron Nelson*
19. (a) *Irish bull* [as: If you want to stand on this corner, you've got to keep moving!]
20. (a) *The Mississippi is the world's largest river.* [The Amazon is shorter than the combined Mississippi-Missouri but larger and drains a larger basin.]
21. (d) *Edgar Allan Poe*
22. (c) *the leap of a horse* [in which the animal has all legs off ground at once, hind legs rising together as front legs descend. Curette is a surgeon's scoop.]
23. (b) *Comintern*
24. (d) *medical research*
25. (b) "*Sarah, my tennis is getting better.*" [Sarah is married.]
26. (b) *Princeton, Yale, and Harvard*
27. (d) *Venus* [Moves in an orbit between Mercury and the earth and, excepting the sun and moon, is the most brilliant object in the heavens. Diameter 7,700 miles, has a year of 2,247 days.]
28. (d) *amoeba*
29. (d) *how fast the propeller is turning*
30. (a) *limit the Jewish population to one third*
31. (b) *south*
32. (b) *the fadeaway*
33. (c) *sculptress*
34. (a) "*I don't like him either, Grandma.*" [Means someone or something disliked emphatically.]
35. (a) *Kansas City*
36. (d) *empire maker or augmenter*
37. (b) *sulfapyridine*
38. (c) *the*
39. (c) *The Schick test is for diphtheria.* [Copernicus was a Pole. Cromwell lived in 17th, Bethoven in 19th century, 1770–1827.]
40. (c) *Bachelors have less chance of dying than married men.* [Statistics show this false, but we don't understand it.]

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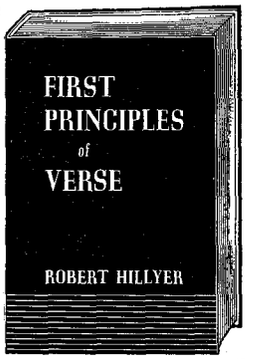

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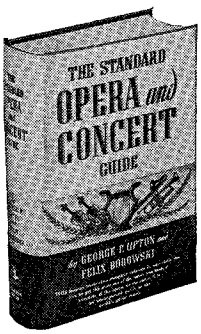

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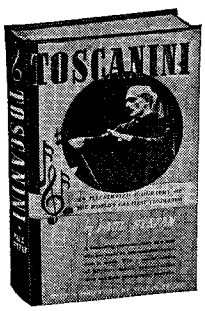

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THE RECORD REVIEW

BEETHOVEN: SONATA IN F MINOR ('APPASIONATA'), *op. 57.* Walter Gieseking, piano (Columbia 365; 3 records, $5.00).

SONGS OF BRAHMS. Marian Anderson, contralto, Philadelphia Orchestra, & University of Pennsylvania Male Chorus, Eugene Ormandy, conducting (Victor M 555; 1 10″, 2 12″ records, $6.00).

SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN B FLAT. Sir Thomas Beecham & London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia 366: 4 records, $6.00).

K.P.E. BACH: CONCERTO FOR ORCHESTRA IN D MAJOR, *Arr. Steinberg.* Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky (Victor M 559; 2 records, $4.50).

DOHNANYI: QUARTET IN D FLAT, *op. 15.* Roth String Quartet (Columbia 367; 3 records, $5.00).

GRIFFES: TWO SKETCHES; CHADWICK: QUARTET IN E MINOR, *2nd movement.* Coolidge String Quartet (Victor M 558; 2 records, $4.50).

SPIRITUALS & FOLK SONGS. Louis Armstrong (Decca; single records, 35¢ each).

THE recording of the "Appasionata" Sonata is the first solo performance to come from Columbia's American corner since the company was acquired by the Columbia Broadcasting System a few months back. Consequently the set has been awaited with considerable anxiety, for, prior to the change in management, Columbia's best catalogue items were those repressed from foreign matrices.

If the present set indicates anything, there are rosy days ahead for American recording. For the mechanics of the set surpass any previous recording of piano tone, as splendid as have been some earlier piano sets.

Little is the need to recount the wonders of Gieseking's astonishing artistry. His "Appasionata" is as brilliant as was his "Waldstein" Sonata, issued two months ago. It has the now familiar (but nonetheless breathtaking) variegated shadings, dramatic conception, and undeviating faithfulness to the composer's intentions.

But what is especially significant in this set is the accuracy with which Gieseking's attributes are recorded. That incredible subtlety which results from the endless change of dynamics, that clarity of the parts, and that balance between what the two hands are doing are so lucidly captured that the listener cannot fail to apprehend their presence. And to cap the climax the surfaces are smooth and quiet. This set certainly augurs well for tomorrow.

VICTOR, not satisfied with giving us a supremely beautiful performance of the Brahms Alto Rhapsody, sung by Miss Anderson, assisted by the University of Pennsylvania Male Chorus and the Philadelphia Orchestra, hastens to add three lieder to the set. Three lieder under ordinary circumstances would be a welcome addition, but in this case Miss Anderson is accompanied by the full timbres of Mr. Ormandy's Orchestra while singing *Immer Leiser wird mein Schlimmer, Der Schmied,* and *Dein blaues Auge.* Could anything be in poorer taste?

But, of course, Miss Anderson's rich voice and grand musicianship lessen the hardship of taking Victor's flights of fancy. The Philadelphia Orchestra is not quite at the top of its plane in this set, and the recording has better companions in the Victor catalogue. Generally speaking, this set goes in the "other" column.

AFTER hearing Schubert's Fourth Symphony (to be reviewed next month), the Fifth Symphony sounds like a reversion to the purely classical spirit of Haydn's and Mozart's day. This symphony is lightly scored for flute, oboes, bassoons, two horns, and strings. The character of the music is essentially melodic, although the harmonic structure and the orchestral color are full indeed, notwithstanding the limited resources. Schubert was a melodic poet of the highest order, and this symphony testifies well to the fact.

Beecham's sprightly performance is the best of the available ones on discs. The reading is *echt* Schubertian. On an odd side, Hamilton Harty and the Halle Orchestra play incidental music from *Rosamunde.*

COMPETITORS will have to equal the Boston Symphony series before threatening the Victor dynasty. These sets mark the peak in modern orchestral recording. Each new one leaves the listener astounded. For not only is the recording impeccable on the mechanical front, but it also displays the finest orchestra on the musical horizon.

In this delightful orchestral concerto arranged for modern orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg from a work by Karl Philip Emanuel Bach, the resplendent gloss of the Boston Orchestra is in full dress. Dr. Koussevitzky's reading in places is vulgar. But the resilience of the strings, especially, more than compensates for the conductor's occasional poor taste. Here is an orchestra that, as a band, has no apparent weakness; and here it is luxuriously recorded.

AMONG contemporary composers, Ernst von Dohnanyi occupies a fortunate position. Already he is *recognized.* And rightly so, one will agree, on hearing this second string quartet, as well as others of his works.

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The Record Review

Although the Brahms influence is strongly marked, the Quartet is exciting and full of the vitality of a young writer (it was written in 1907 when the composer was thirty). Its three movements are allegro, scherzo, and adagio. Each has a character all its own, but the general impression is that the whole score, attractive as it is, has too many of the faults of nineteenth-century romantic music. The scherzo is probably the most original of the movements.

As usual, the Roths turn in a competent performance. The recording is spacious and the surfaces are quiet.

THE attempt in recording music by Griffes and Chadwick has been to get an "American music" onto records. Though Chadwick was a genuine creative talent and Griffes was an able second-rater, neither of them touched even the surface of what might be called an American music. Griffes at best imitated French impressionism, and Chadwick succumbed likewise to European influences. Chadwick had originality but in much the same sense as did Foote, Paine, and other nineteenth-century native composers.

In this album Griffes is represented by two sketches based on Indian themes, and Chadwick is represented by a movement from his fourth quartet, based on Negro folk music. There is little to recommend any of this music, but it is expertly played by the Coolidge Quartet and recorded with much polish and good balance by Victor.

AN American music is more closely approached on three records issued by Decca (Louis Armstrong singing the spirituals, "Jonah and the Whale" and "Shadrack," on record 1,913; "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and "Going To Shout All Over God's Heaven" on 2,085; and the folk songs, "Carry Me Back To Old Virginny" and "Darling Nellie Gray," on 1,245). Louis Armstrong, long known as a top-ranking jazz trumpeter, manifests the versatility of his art, a real improvisational art, in these unusual recordings. If you agree with Wilder Hobson that jazz is the outgrowth of the spiritual and folk music of the Negro and, further, that jazz is the basis of America's music, you will find in these records the true cradle of a native lore. Armstrong reveals the restlessness and neurotic strain that is, by some circumstance, our heritage. His rendition of "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," particularly, ought to go down into history as a valid statement of our life and times. However, even if you reject this argument of Hobson's, you will at least find these records fascinating.

ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

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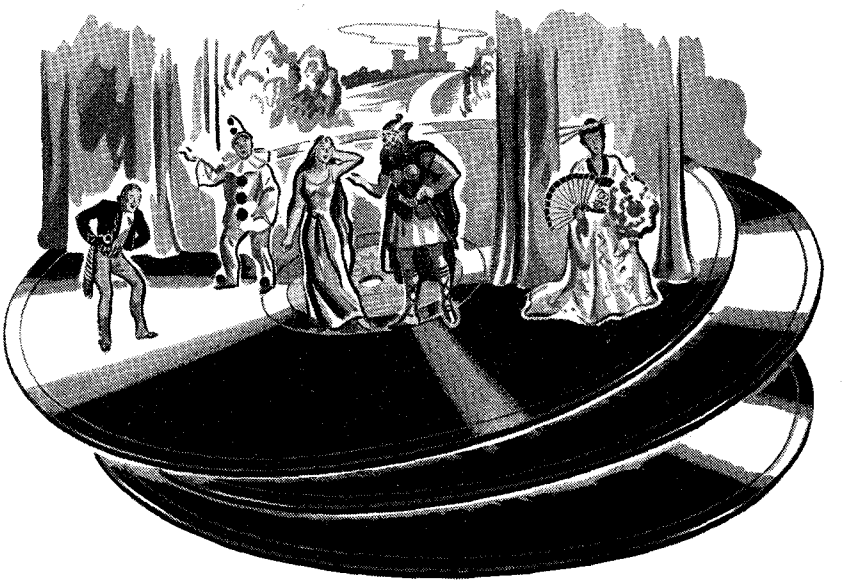

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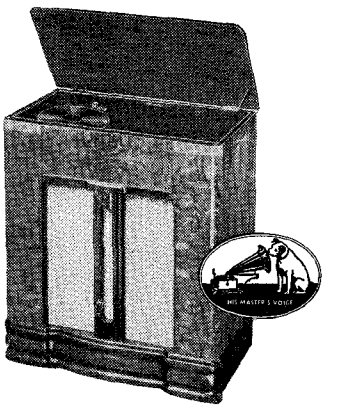

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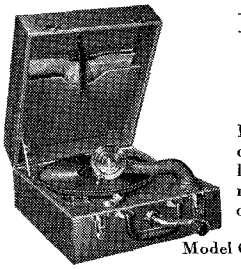

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Our Rostrum

(*Continued from page* III)

man" and "Fascists" by the collective security mongers. In spite of that, in spite of my "ill-starred" experience in the past, I shall continue to oppose American entanglements in Europe's quarrels and America being entrapped into war for the benefit of Polish-Russian "democracy," Anglo-French "idealism," or to promote the political ambitions of bankrupt New Dealers. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, or print it — if you dare!

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK
New York, N. Y.

THE 'EX-INSANE'

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

I was particularly interested in the recognition of the importance of the society of ex-patients ["The 'Ex-Insane' Revolt," by Greer Williams, July FORUM]. For more than a quarter of a century sociologists, physicians and others have fought a not too successful battle against this form of social prejudice but never enlisting the aid of those who really knew the most about it — the patient.

Now it is being done by the patients themselves and I do not think I am too optimistic when I say that I think they will succeed where others have failed.

C. C. BURLINGAME, M.D.
Neuro-Psychiatric Institute of the Hartford Retreat
Hartford, Conn.

SUSCEPTIBILITY

To the Editor:

One of the many reasons why I enjoy THE FORUM is because your writers use the common denominator and reduce themselves to my intellectual level, without even hinting that they suspect me of mental deficiency. It is because I admire this simplicity of true greatness that I regret to find Professor Shailer U. Lawton ["The Women Men Marry," July FORUM] tiptoeing onto the pages and signalling to us through the dense undergrowth of his vocabulary. When he seeks refuge in such expressions as "a creature in nubibus" — "the dolce far niente" of the honeymoon — "her dark, decadent charm" — "the grapes beyond his reach," and attempts to dramatize his warnings by comparisons with "Phryne and Aspasia," "the standard of Aucassin," and "Isolde's white hands"; far from feeling that he has discovered a gas mask for protection against the subtle insidious fumes of nature's fundamental law for reproducing the species, my conviction is that the winner of the Bathing Beauty contest could lead the Professor into the "abracadabra" of matrimony with the lift of one plucked eyebrow. Yeah — I sure do.

With best wishes to you and true gratitude for THE FORUM,

MARY D. CAMPBELL
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Dr. Lawton starts upon a false premise, namely, that thinking before entering marriage is necessarily deemed "calculating." . . .

His balancing of marriages by opposites is not in harmony with majority experience. . . . So far as I know there are no valid statistics indicating that "three out of four American marriages are unsuccessful." Nor are there any to indicate that "the average duration of happiness in marriage is four years."

. . . His illustrations of the men prove, not so much a lack of cerebration, but abnormal individuals whose emotional distress is clearly manifest. . . .

Everyone would agree that a man or a woman marrying should use his head, and one may see, indeed, that the title might equally have been "The Men Women Marry." . . .

When the author suggests educating the mind until one "has an intuitive appreciation of character," it is clear that he does not appreciate the distinction between intuition and reasoning.

A marriage wholly based upon reasoning would undoubtedly give rise to difficulty. The feeling factor is indicative of a physiological response of attraction and cerebration, as applied to it, is related to the testing of social values. If it is all thought and no feeling, then marriage is distinctly one of calculation. There are greater opportunities for success in marriage when the feeling tone is organized by thought than when the process of enlightened thinking ignores the emotional characteristics and needs of the two potential partners.

IRA S. WILE, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

ECONOMY

To the Editor:

Many forces have combined to bring about the present high level of federal spending, but Mr. Hard [William Hard, author of "How to Make Your Government Save," July FORUM] has put his finger on one of the most important. . . . Local pressure . . . encourages Congress. . . .

. . . . . .

Mr. Hard has performed a valuable public service. . . .

JOHN C. GEBHART
Director
National Economy League
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

. . . Mr. William Hard . . . makes very little attempt to discriminate between foolish and wise undertakings, and no attempt whatever to show that private enterprise would have used this credit at all or would have used it more wisely. . . .

. . . . . .

[Mr. Hard wrote:] "I could concoct worthy projects . . . that would cost the country a billion dollars a year, if only we could afford it."

. . . . . .

And may I inquire just why we cannot afford these worthy projects, Mr. Hard? Perhaps there is a shortage of labor; perhaps it is that there is a shortage of machinery and materials to do these worthy jobs. . . .

. . . . . .

By his own acknowledgment Mr. Hard could "concoct" many worthy projects for the employment of public capital; but very conspicuously fails to suggest channels for the outlet of profit-seeking private capital. There is a valid reason for this discrepancy in his statement. And the reason is this: in our mad race for private individual advancement we have neglected many fields for profitable public investment. . . .

. . . . . .

It goes without saying that if we apply the ax to all or a great part of our public works, an added load of labor will be thrown onto private capital for employment. Now is it not strange that Mr. Hard did not suggest in connection with his advice that public works be eliminated, some alternate employment for this released labor. Surely it could not be that he does not have any suggestions. . . .

But when we come to the last page of Mr. Hard's article I think we find the pith of his argument.

"The trouble with these expenditures is not 'waste' in their administration. The true trouble is the expenditures themselves."

"An equal destruction is on the way now to the citizen's pocketbook."

"The government's taxes this year on the people as a mass — taxes on drinks, on payrolls, on tires, gasoline, candy, matches, radios, refrigerators, sporting goods, sugar, etc. — will amount this year to some $2,500,000,000!"

In other words, Mr. Hard's real objection to this whole program of spending is the $20.00 per year it costs him if he is a single man and paying his average proportional part of the bill.

He wants to spend his twenty himself. . . . I would suggest, though, that [the government] is doing a better job of buying for him than . . . if he went off into the corner and used it up by himself.

W. A. GARLAND, JR.
Emlenton, Pa.

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The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1939," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for *me*."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.

● Today the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, the business men of the United States and Canada are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I've got what I wanted."

And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

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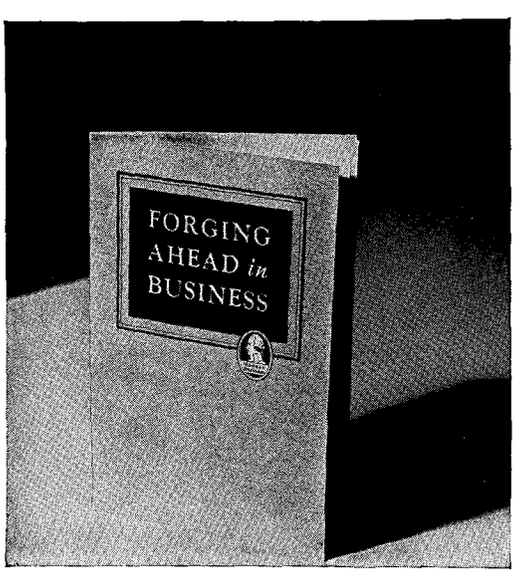

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